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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED HIS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

Containing

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.,
KING RICHARD III.,
KING HENRY VIII.,
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**THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.**

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.

LEWIS XI. King of France.

DUKE OF SOMERSET,—DUKE OF EXETER,	} Lords on King Henry's side.
—EARL OF OXFORD,—EARL OF NOR-	
THUMBERLAND,—EARL OF WESTMORE-	
LAND,—LORD CLIFFORD,	

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards
King Edward IV.

EDMUND , Earl of Rutland,	} His Sons.
GEORGE , afterwards Duke of Clarence,	
RICHARD , afterwards Duke of Gloucester,	

DUKE OF NORFOLK,	} Of the Duke of York's Party.
MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE,	
EARL OF WARWICK,	
EARL OF PEMBROKE,	
LORD HASTINGS,	
LORD STAFFORD,	

SIR JOHN MORTIMER,	} Uncles to the Duke of York.
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,	

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.

LORD RIVERS, Brother to Lady Grey.—**SIR WILLIAM STANLEY**.—**SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY**.—**SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE**.—**TUTOR** to Rutland.—**MAYOR** of York.—**LIEUTENANT** of the Tower.—**A Nobleman**.—**Two Keepers**.—**A Huntsman**.—**A Son** that has killed his Father.—**A Father** that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

Scene, during part of the third Act, in France; during all the rest of the Play, in England.

THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London.—The Parliament-House.

*Drums.—Some Soldiers of YORK's party break in.—
Then, enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD,
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others,
with white roses in their Hats.*

War. I wonder, how the king escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the
north,

He slyly stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Bucking-
ham,

Is either slain, or wounded dangerous :
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Shewing his bloody Sword.]

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's
blood,

[To York, shewing his.]
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I
did.

*[Throwing down the Duke of
Somerset's Head.]*

York. Richard hath best deserved of all my
sons.—

What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset ?

Nor. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt?

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king;
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Nor. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[*They retire.*]

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks, we shall be of her council:
By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Awa'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells*.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[*Warwick leads York to the Throne, who seats himself.*]

Flourish: Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with Red Roses in their Hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits

* Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to dare the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.

Even in the chair of state! Belike, he meant,
 (Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,)
 To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
 Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
 And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd
 revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens, be revenged on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down:

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Ken. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he:
 He durst not sit there, had your father lived.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Ken. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exc. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the Duke.*]

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;

I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceived, I am thine.

Exc. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exc. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
 In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster ;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chased you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief ;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more
lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Cliff. Urge it no more ; lest that, instead of words
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford ! How I scorn his worthless
threats !

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown ?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the
crown ?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York ;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March :
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith * thou hast lost
it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I ;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks
you lose :—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so ; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [*To York.*] as thou lovest
and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king
will fly.

York. Sons, peace !

K. Hen. Peace thou ! and give king Henry leave
to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first :—Hear him,
lords ;

And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

* Since.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my
kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire, and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this thy realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be
king.

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the
crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's
weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. Ah if he may, then am I lawful king:
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown *?

Eze. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Eze. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer
not?

Eze. My conscience tells me he is lawful King.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to
him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so deposed.

War. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern
power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

* i. e. Detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee ! Art thou king, and wilt be forced ?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch !
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me ;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time ?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais ;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas ;
The duke is made protector of the realm ;
And yet shalt thou be safe ? Such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour :
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread :
And spread they shall be ; to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee :—Come, son, let's away ;
Our army's ready ; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace : till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away, we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen Margaret, and the Prince.*]

K. Hen. Poor queen ! How love to me, and to her son,

Hath made her break out into terms of rage !
Revenjed may she be on that hateful duke ;
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire * on the flesh of me, and of my son !

* Peck

The loss of those three lords torments my heart :
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair ;—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Ere. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?

What is your quarrel? How began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us ;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? Not till king Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken :

I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

Rich. No ; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears :
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;

Within whose circuit is Elysium,
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
 Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
 Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
 Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
 Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
 And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
 Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
 And tell him privily of our intent.—
 You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
 In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
 Witty † and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
 But that I seek occasion how to rise;
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a MESSENGER.

But, stay; what news? Why comest thou in such
 post?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and
 lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou,
 that we fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
 My brother Montague shall post to London:
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,
 With-powerful policy strengthen themselves,
 And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine
 uncles!

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in
 the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

† Of sound judgment.

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; What should we fear?

[*A March afar off.*]

Edw. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;

And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—Though the odds be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory?

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarm.—Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums: Excursions.—Enter RUTLAND and his TUTOR.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly, to 'scape their hands!
Ah, tutor! Look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! Thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! Murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*]

Clif. How now! Is he dead already? Or, is it fear,

That makes him close his eyes!—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;

And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

—Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,

Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethern here, their lives and
thine,

Were not revenge sufficient for me :
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore— *[Lifting his Hand,*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death :—
To thee I pray ; Sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm : why wilt thou slay
me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;
Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith* God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause ?

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die.

[Clifford stabs him.

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua !*

[Dies.

Clif. Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet !
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same.

Alarum.—Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field :
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them :
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves

* Since.

† Heaven grant this may be your greatest boast.

Ovid. Eptst.

Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
 And thrice cried—*Courage, father! Fight it out!*
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
 Richard cried,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
 And cried—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
 With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!
 We boded* again; as I have seen a swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
 [A short Alarm within.]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
 And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
 The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
 With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
 Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
 And made an evening at the noontide prick †.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
 A bird that will revenge upon you all:

And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? What! Multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no
 further;

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
 So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
 And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
 And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;

* i. e. We boggled, made bad or bungling work
 of our attempt to rally.

† Noontide point on the dial.

And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! For a thousand
causes,

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—

Wrath makes him deaf: Speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot away?

It is war's prize to take all 'vantages;

And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken Prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,

Come make him stand upon this molehill here;

That raught† at mountains with out-stretched arms,

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

What! was it you, that would be England's king?

Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons, to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

• Honest men.

† Reached.

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
 Alas, poor York ! But that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.
 I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York ;
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death ?
 Why art thou patient, man ? Thou shouldst be mad ;
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
 Thou wouldst be see'd, I see, to make me sport ;
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
 A crown for York ;—and, lords, bow low to him.—
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

{Putting a paper Crown on his Head.}

Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a king !
 Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair ;
 And this is he was his adopted heir.—
 But how is it, that great Plantagenet
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath ?
 As I bethink me, you should not be king,
 Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
 And will you pale * your head in Henry's glory,
 And rob his temples of the diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath ?
 O, 'tis a fault too unpardonable !—
 Off with the crown ; and with the crown his head
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead †.

Cliff. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay ; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves
 of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
 Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates !
 But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush :
 To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou
 shameless.

Thy father bears the type ‡ of king of Naples,
 Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem ;
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?

* Impale, encircle with a crown.

† Kill him.

‡ The distinguishing mark.

Vol. IV.

D

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
 Unless the adage must be verified,—
 That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
 But God, he knows, thy share thereof is small;
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
 'Tis government*, that makes them seem divine;
 The want thereof makes thee abominable:
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the south to the septentrion†.
 O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bid'st thou me rage? Why, now thou hast thy wish:
 Wouldst have me weep? Why, now thou hast thy
 will:

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false French-
 woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions‡ move me so,
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
 with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
 O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[*He gives back the Handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears;
 And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
 There, take the crown, and with the crown, my
 curse;

* Government, in the language of the time, signified evenness of temper and decency of manners.

† The North.

‡ Sufferings.

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Cliff. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. *[Stabbing him.]*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. *[Stabbing him.]*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. *[Dies.]*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;

So York may overlook the town of York. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire.

Drums.—Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
Had he been ta'en, we would have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—

How fares my brother? Why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.

I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore* him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat†:

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

* Demeaned himself.

† Neat cattle; cows, oxen, &c.

So far'd our father with his enemies;
 So fled his enemies my warlike father;
 Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
 See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun * †
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love ‡

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
 Not separated with the racking clouds †,
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
 See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
 In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
 heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
 Each one already blazing by our meeds ‡,
 Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
 And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters;—By your leave
 I speak it,

You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a MESSENGER.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
 When as the noble duke of York was slain,
 Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too
 much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
 And stood against them, as the hope of Troy §
 Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
 But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
 And many strokes, though with a little axe,
 Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak,
 By many hands your father was subdued;

* Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun,
 when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.

† The clouds in rapid tumultuary motion.

‡ Merit.

§ Hector.

But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen :
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despite ;
Laugh'd in his face ; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon ;
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !—
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd
thee !—

Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
Ah, would she break from hence ! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest :
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden ;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withall,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would
quench.

To weep, is to make less the depth of grief :
Tears, then, for babes ; blows, and revenge, for
me !—

Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with
thee ;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun ;
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March.—Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with
Forces.*

War. How now, fair lords ? What fare ? What
news abroad ?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount

Our baleful news, at each word's deliverance,
 Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
 The words would add more anguish than the
 wounds.

O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
 Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
 Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death •.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears :
 And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
 Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
 Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
 Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
 I then in London, keeper of the king,
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
 And very well appointed, as I thought,
 March'd towards Saint Albans to intercept the
 queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along :
 For by my scouts I was advertised,
 That she was coming with a full intent
 To dash our late decree in parliament,
 Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
 Short tale to make,—we at St. Albans met,
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought :
 But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
 That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen ;
 Or whether twas report of her success ;
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
 I cannot judge : but, to conclude with truth,
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
 Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay, and great rewards :
 But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled ; the king, unto the queen ;
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you ;
 For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
 Making another head to fight again.

• Killed.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;

And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;

Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick; blame me not;

'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.

But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.

Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught* Northumberland,

And of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy melting king, like wax.

He swore consent to your succession,

His oath enrolled in the parliament;

And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside

May make against the house of Lancaster.

Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:

Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,

With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,

Amongst the loving Welchmen canst procure,

Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,

Why, *Via!* To London will we march again;

* Lofty.

And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;

And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

(As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,)
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!

Enter a MESSENGER.

War. How now? What news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts*, brave warriors:—Let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Before York.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—

* Why then things are as they should be.

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Cuf. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blessed with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault?
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
*What my great-grandfather and grand-sire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?*
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,

• Foolishly.

E

Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin York ! 'would thy best friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here !

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits ! Our foes
are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son ;
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness ;
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York ;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him :
Darraign your battle* for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the
field ;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good, my lord, and leave us to our
fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too ; therefore
I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence :
Unsheath your sword, good father ; cry *St. George !*

*March.—Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WAR-
WICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjured Henry ! Wilt thou kneel for
grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head ;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy !
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king ?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee ;
I was adopted heir by his consent :

* i. e. Arrange your host, put your host in order.

Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;

Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you, that kill'd young Rutland, was
it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the
fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield
the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick?
Dare you speak?

When you and I met at St. Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me
thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that darst make
you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently!—
Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swollen heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous cow-
ard,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and
hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy
lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileged to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting
here,

Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolved*,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

* It is my firm persuasion.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies * to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt †,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel ‡ should be call'd the sea,)
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-
traught,

To let thy tongue detect § thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,

To make this shameless callet || know herself.—

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus ¶;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal day;
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

* One branded by nature.

† Gilt is a superficial covering of gold.

‡ Kennel was then pronounced channel.

§ To shew thy meanness of birth by the indecent railing.

|| Drab.

¶ i. e. A cuckold.

Geo. But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root :
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee ;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets !—Let our bloody colours wave !—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman ; we'll no longer stay :
These words will cost ten thousand lives to day.
[*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE III.—A Field of Battle between Towton
and Saxton in Yorkshire..**

Alarums : Excursions.—Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe :
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven ! or strike, ungentle death !
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord ? What hap ? What hope of good ?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us :
What counsel give you, whither shall we fly ?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings ;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself ?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance :
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—

Like to a dismal clangor heard from far;—

Warwick, revenge! Brother, revenge my death!

So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon *, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;

And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave-until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and gentle Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing † breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Fore-slow ‡ no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

* And are mere spectators.

† Sinking into dejection.

‡ To fore-slow is to be dilatory, to loiter.

*SCENE IV.—The same.—Another Part of the Field.**Excursions.—Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.*

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone :
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :
This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York ;
And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland :
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and
brother,
To execute the like upon thyself ;
And so, have at thee.

[They fight—Warwick enters ; Clifford flies.]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace ;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. *[Exeunt.]*

*SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.**Alarum.—Enter King HENRY :*

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's
war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, or night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind ;
Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of the fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret, my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so :
For what is in this world, but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :

How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times :
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;
 So many hours must I take my rest ;
 So many hours must I contemplate ;
 So many hours must I sport myself ;
 So many days my ewes have been with young ;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
 So many years ere I shall sheer the fleece :
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this ! How sweet ! How lovely !
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
 O, yes, it doth ; a thousand fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates.
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarm.—Enter a SON that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead Body.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.—
 This man, whom hand in hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of crowns :
 And I, that haply take them from him now,
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth to me.—
 Who's this ?—O God ! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
 O heavy times, begetting such events !
 From London by the king was I press'd forth ;
 My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;
 And I, who at his hands received my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did !—
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee !—
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;

And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times! Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens, Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.— Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear; And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war, Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a FATHER who has killed his Son, with the Body in his Arms.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me, Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; For I have bought it with an hundred blows.— But let me see:—Is this our foeman's face? Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!— Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee, Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise, Blown with the windy tempest of my heart, Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!— O, pity, God, this miserable age!— What stratagems*, how fell, how butcherly, Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural, This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!— O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon, And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! Grief more than common grief!

O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!— O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!— The red rose and the white are on his face, The fatal colours of our striving houses: The one, his purple blood right well resembles; The other, his pale cheek, methinks, present: Wither one rose, and let the other flourish! If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death, Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son, Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woeful chances,

Misthink† the king, and not be satisfied?

Son. Was ever son, so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd a son?

* This word here means dreadful events.

† Think unfavourably of.

K. Hen. Was ever king, so grieved for subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. *[Exit with the Body.]*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;

And so obsequious will thy father be,

Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,

As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit with the Body.]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,

Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions.—Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince of WALES, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:

Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post again;

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,

Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

Ere. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;

Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—The same.

A loud Alarum.—Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies, Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.

O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,

More than my body's parting with my soul.

My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee ;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies :
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun ?
And who shines now, but Henry's enemies ?
O Phœbus ! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth :
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies ;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air ?
And what make robbers bold, but too much lenity ?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds ;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight :
The foe is merciless, and will not pity.
For, at their hands, I have deserved no pity ;
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint :—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick and the rest ;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*]

Alarm and Retreat.—Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAQUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords ; good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen ;—
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape :
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave :
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans and dies.*]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave ?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is : and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the
head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth this fatal screech-owl to our
house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the Body forward.]

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to
thee?—

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did! And so, perhaps, he doth;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager
words*.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! Swear as thou
wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? Nay, then the world
goes hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing
blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

* Sour words, words of asperity.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king.

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;—

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.

First, will I see the coronation;

And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:

For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;

And never will I undertake the thing,

Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—

Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—

And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,

Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Gloster;

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;

Richard be duke of Gloster: now to London,

To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chase in the North of England.

Enter Two KEEPERS, with Cross-bows in their Hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick-grown brake • we'll shroud ourselves;

For through this laund † anon the deer will come;

And in this covert will we make our stand,

Calling the principal of all the deer.

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

• Thicket. † A plain extended between woods.

Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a Prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stolen, even of pure love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine ;

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed :

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress of thee ;

For how can I help them, and not myself ?

1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee :

This is the *quondam* king ; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these our adversities ;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 Keep. Why linger we ! Let us lay hands upon him.

1 Keep. Forbear awhile ; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to France
for aid ;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

To wife for Edward : if this news be true,

Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost ;

For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account, then Margaret may win him ;

For she's a woman to be pitied much :

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;

The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn ;

And Nero will be tainted with remorse,

To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.

Ay, but she's come to beg ; Warwick, to give :

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry ;

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps and says—her Henry is deposed ;

He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd ;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more :

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength ;

And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,

With promise of his sister, and what else,

To strengthen and support king Edward's place.

O Margaret, thus 'twill be ; and thou, poor soul,

Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 Keep. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings
and queens ?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to :

A man at least, for less I should not be ;

And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind ; and that's enough.

2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,

Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd, content ;

A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content, and you, must be contented

To go along with us : for, as we think,

You are the king, king Edward hath deposed ;

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath ?

2 Keep. No, never such an oath ; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England ?

2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old ;

My father, and my grandfather, were kings ;

And you were sworn true subjects unto me :

And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths ?

1 Keep. No ;

For we were subjects, but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead ? Do I not breathe a man ?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust ;

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths ; for, of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded ;

And be you kings ; command, and I'll obey.

1 Keep. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

I Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in
the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name
be obey'd:
And what God will, then let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—London.—A Room in the Palace.

*[Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and
Lady GREY.]*

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain;
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York;
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
It were dishonour, to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a
pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so?

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game; how true he keeps
the wind? *[Aside.]*

Glo. Silence! *[Aside.]*

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook
delay:

May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. *[Aside.]* Ay, widow? Then I'll warrant you
all your lands,

An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. *[Aside.]*

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take 'vantages. *[Aside.]*

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow?
Tell me.

Clar. I think he means to beg a child of her. *[Aside.]*

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two. *[Aside.*

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him. *[Aside.*

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave * have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's land, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. *[Aside.*

Clar. As red as fire! Nay, then her wax must melt. *[Aside.*

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? Shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

* This phrase implies readiness of assent.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination,

Accords not with the sadness* of my suit;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request: No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. *[Aside.]*

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. *[Aside.]*

K. Edw. *[Aside.]* Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

* The seriousness.

Her words do shew her wit incomparable ;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty ;
One way, or other, she is for a king ;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen ?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord :

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet, widow, by my state, I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends ;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto :
I know, I am too mean to be your queen ;
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavi, widow ; I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.

K. Edw. No more, than when thy daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children ;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some : why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

[*Aside.*

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord ?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers : I can tell you both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a NOBLEMAN.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower.—

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along ;—Lords, use her honourable.
[*Exeunt King Edward, Lady Grey, Clarence,
and Lord.*]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for !
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,
(The lustful Edward's title buried,)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself :
A cold premeditation for my purpose !
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty ;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye ;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way :
So do I wish the crown, being so far off ;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it ;
And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard ;
What other pleasure can the world afford ?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought ! And more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns !
Why, love foreswore me in my mother's womb :
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved ?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,

I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
 And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
 Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head,
 Be round impaled * with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home;
 And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out,—
 Torment myself to catch the English crown:
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
 I can add colours to the cameleon;
 Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
 And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—France.—A Room in the Palace.

Flourish.—Enter LEWIS the French King, and Lady BONA, attended; the King takes his State.—Then enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, her Son, and the Earl of OXFORD.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 [*Rising.*]

Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
 And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis
 doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret

Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
 Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground;

* Encircled.

Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this
deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes
with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in
cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck

[Seats her by him.]

To Fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my droop-
ing thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,

And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;

While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,

Usurps the regal title, and the seat

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—

With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;

And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;

Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm
the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows
our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour
thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sor-
row:

And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our
presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest
friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*Descending from his State.—Queen Margaret rises.*]

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise; For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, [*To Bona.*] in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity:
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance:
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage,

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror, to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,

Who by his prowess conquered all France :
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,

You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten ?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at
that.

But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years ; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
liege,

Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush ?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree ?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death ? And more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death ?
No, Warwick, no ; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and
and Oxford,

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heaven grant, that Warwick's words
bewitch him not !

[Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.]

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy
conscience,

Is Edward your true king ? For I were loath,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye ?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further,—All dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant ;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun ;

Exempt from envy * but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.
Yet I confess, [*To War.*] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus, † Our sister shall be
Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised :—
Draw near, queen Margaret ; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick ! It was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit ;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret :
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason, that I be released
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease ;
Where, having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father, able to maintain you ;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless War-
wick, peace ;
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings !
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance †, and thy lord's false love ;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A Horn sounded within.*]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you ;
Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, these for you ; from whom, I know
not. [*To Margaret.*—*They all read their Letters.*]

* Malice or hatred.

† Juggling. -

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled;

I hope, all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? And yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with un-hoped joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becomest king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,

That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him :
 And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
 He's very likely now to fall from him ;
 For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
 Or then for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be re-
 venged,
 But by thy help to this distressed queen ?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
 live,
 Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are
 one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and
 Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved,
 You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at
 once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in
 post ;

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—

That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
 To revel it with him and his new bride :

Thou seest what's past, go fear * thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower,
 shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid
 aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me
 wrong ;

And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

There's thy reward ; be gone. [Exit Mess.]

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
 And Oxford, with five thousand men,
 Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle :
 And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
 And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
 Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt ;—
 What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty ?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty ;—
 That if our queen and this young prince agree,
 I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
 To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

* Fright.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion :—

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick ;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his Hand to Warwick.*]

K. Lew. Why stay we now ? These soldiers shall
be levied,

And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—

I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe :
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale *, but me ?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again :
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, and others.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think
you

Of this new marriage with the lady Grey ?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice ?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to
France ;

How could he stay till Warwick made return ?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk ; here comes
the king.

Flourish.—Enter King EDWARD, attended ; Lady GREY, as Queen ; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

* A stalking-horse, a pretence.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose, they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king:

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No; God forbid, that I should wish them severed
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,

Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—

And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased,

By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas*,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves

To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? It was my will, and grant;

And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,

To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence,
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir†,

Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! Is it for a wife,
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment:

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:

What danger, or what sorrow, can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

* This has been the advice of every man who
in any age understood and favoured the interest of
England.

† The heiresses of great estates were in the ward-
ships of the king, who matched them to his favourites.

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands :
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the
more. *[Aside.*

Enter a MESSENGER.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what
news,
From France ?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters ; and few
words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee : therefore, in
brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess
them.

What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters ?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words ;
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave ? Belike, he thinks me
Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage ?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild
disdain ;
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less ;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen ?
For I have heard, that she was there in place *.

Mess. Tell him, quoth she, *my mourning weeds*
are done†,
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries ?

Mess. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words ;
Tell him, from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha ! Durst the traitor breathe out so
proud words ?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd ;
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

* Present.

† Thrown off.

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*]

Glo. Not I:

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

[*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet I am arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—

Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:

Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;

But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK, and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see where Somerset and Clarence come ;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick ;

And welcome, Somerset :—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings :
But welcome, Clarence ; my daughter shall be
thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure ?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy :
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds ;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself ; I say not—slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprize him.—
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry ; with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry !*

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort :

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—EDWARD's Camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain WATCHMEN, to guard the King's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take
his stand ;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to-bed ?

1 *Watch.* Why, no : for he hath made a solemn
vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watch*. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch*. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch*. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chief-
est friend.

3 *Watch*. O, is it so? But why commands the
king,

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 *Watch*. 'Tis the more honour, because more
dangerous.

3 *Watch*. Ay; but give me worship and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch*. Unless our halberts did shut up his pas-
sage.

2 *Watch*. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal
tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET,
and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his
guard.

Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch*. Who goes there?

2 *Watch*. Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick, and the rest, cry all—Warwick!
Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly,
crying—Arm! Arm! Warwick, and the rest,
following them.*]

*The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding, Re-enter
WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the King out in a
Gown, sitting in a Chair: GLOSTER and HASTINGS
fly.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's
the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we
parted last,

Thou call'dst me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgraced me in my embassy,
 Then I degraded you from being king,
 And come now to create you duke of York.
 Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
 That know not how to use ambassadors;
 Nor how to be contented with one wife;
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
 Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
 Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
 Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
 Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
 Edward will always bear himself as king:
 Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind*, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his Crown.*]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
 And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
 My lord of Somerset, at my request,
 See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
 Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
 When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
 I'll follow you, and tell what answer
 Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
 Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King Edward, led out; Somerset with him.*]

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
 But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

To free king Henry from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,

What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

* *i. e.* In his mind; as far as his own mind goes.

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner; Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard, Or by his foe surprized at unawares: And, as I further have to understand, Is new committed to the bishop of York, Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief: Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may; Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English
crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am informed, that he^l comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must
down:

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, and others.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertised him by a secret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD, and a HUNTSMAN.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'Tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? Wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, LIUTENANT of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;

At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lien. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns ;

But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant ? For well using me ?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure :
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee ;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me ;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars ;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous ;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with stars* :
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place†.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudged an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war ;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both hands ;

Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,

That no dissention hinder government :
I make you both protectors of this land ;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will ?

* Few men conform their temper to their destiny.

† Present.

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content:

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;

I mean, in bearing weight of government,

While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.

And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful;

Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,

And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? And that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

Let me entreat, (for I command no more.)

That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,

Be sent for, to return from France with speed:

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: if secret powers

[Lays his Hand on his Head.

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

This pretty lad * will prove our country's bliss.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty;

His head by nature framed to wear a crown,

His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself

Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,

Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a MESSENGER.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?

* Afterwards Henry VII.

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,

And the lord Hastings, who attended * him
In secret ambush on the forest side,

And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him ;
For hunting was his dally exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt King Henry, War. Clar. Lieut.
and Attendants.*]

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's :
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help ;
And we shall have more wars, before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Rich-
mond ;

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm, and ours :
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity,

Oxf. Ay ; for, if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Britany.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Before York.

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and
Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings,
and the rest ;

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says—that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.

Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy :
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom ?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not
this ;

For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man ! Abodements must not now
affright us :

* *i. e.* Waited for him.

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the MAYOR of YORK, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;

As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
[*Aside.*

Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? The gates shall then be open'd.
[*Exeunt from above.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 'twere not 'long of him *; but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the MAYOR and two ALDERMEN, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his Keys.*

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum.—Enter MONTGOMERY, and Forces, marching.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

* The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed.

Vol. IV.

K

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: but we now forget
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke,—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A March begun.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we'll
debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? In few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make
our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! Now arms
must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto
crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit* thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like him-
self;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here
proclaim'd:—

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a Paper.—Flourish.*]

Bold. [*Reads.*] Edward the fourth, by the grace of
God, king of England and France, and lord of
Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's
right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*]

* Noise, report.

All. Long live Edward the fourth !

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery ;—and thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York :
And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates ;
For, well I wot *, that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence !—How evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother !
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and War-
wick.—

Come on, brave soldiers ; doubt not of the day ;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—London.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords ? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London ;
And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire, I have true-hearted friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ;
Those will I muster up :—And thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights, and gentlemen to come with thee :—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shall find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st :—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

* Know.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate !

Mont. Comfort, my lord ;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus, [*Kissing Henry's Hand.*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords ; let's meet at Coventry. [*Exeunt War. Clar. Oxf. and Montague.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile. Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship ? Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field, Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed * hath got fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears :
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd ;
Then, why should they love Edward more than me ?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace :
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.*—A Lancaster ! A Lancaster !]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord ! What shouts are these ?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow ;
Now stops thy spring ; my sea shall suck them dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower ; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains :

* Merit.

The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay*.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, the MAYOR of Coventry, two MESSENGERS, and others.

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by the guest, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*]

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? Belike unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums.—Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite! Is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—

* The allusion is to the proverb, 'Make hay while the sun shines.'

Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces
hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the
king!

Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service, for so good a gift*.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy
brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's
gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's pri-
soner;

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was shily finger'd from the deck†!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down:

Nay, when? Strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Then bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and
tide thy friend;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colours.

War. O cheerful colours! See, where Oxford
comes!

* *i. e.* Enroll myself among thy dependants.

† A pack of cards was anciently termed a deck of
cards.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[Oxford and his Forces enter the City.]

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs,
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the City.]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Drum and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the City.]

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps
along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love:—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this
means? *[Taking the Red Rose out of his Cap.]*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not rinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood-to lime * the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt †, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety

* i. e. To cement.

† Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness.

Than Jephtha's when he sacrificed his daughter.
 I am so sorry for my trespass made,
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
 With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
 (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee.
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
 Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more
 beloved,
 Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-
 like.

War. O passing traitor*, perjured, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the
 town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
 I will away towards Barnet presently,
 And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and
 leads the way:—

Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory.

[*March.—Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

*Alarums, and Excursions.—Enter King EDWARD,
 bringing in WARWICK wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die
 our fear;

For Warwick was a bug†, that fear'd‡ us all.—

Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
 That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend, or foe,
 And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?

Why ask I that, my mangled body shews,
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
 shews,

That I must yield my body to the earth,
 And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
 Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

* Eminent, egregious. † Bugbear. ‡ Terrified.

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept ;
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading
tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world .

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres :

For who lived king, but I could dig his grave ?

And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his
brow ?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood !

My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me ; and, of all my lands,

Is nothing left me, but my body's length !

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and
dust ?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick ! wert thou as we
are,

We might recover all our loss again !

The Queen from France hath brought a puissant
power ;

Even now we heard the news : Ah, couldst thou
fly !

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,

If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,

And with thy lips keep in my soul a while !

Thou lovest me not ; for, brother, if thou didst,

Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,

That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.

Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his
last ;

And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,

And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.

And more he would have said ; and more he spoke,

Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,

That might not be distinguish'd ; but, at last,

I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—

O, farewell, Warwick !

War. Sweet rest to his soul !—

Fly, lords, and save yourselves ; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power! [*Exeunt bearing off Warwick's Body.*]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Flourish.—Enter King EDWARD in triumph; with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,

And we are graced with wreaths of victory.

But, in the midst of this bright shining day,

I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,

That will encounter with our glorious sun,

Ere he attain his easeful western bed :

I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen

Hath raised in Gallia, have arrived our coast,

And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,

And blow it to the source from whence it came ;

Thy very beams will dry those vapours up ;

For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her ;

If she have time to breathe, be well assured,

Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends,

That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury ;

We, having now the best at Barnet field,

Will thither straight, for willingness rids way ;

And, as we march, our strength will be augmented

In every county as we go along.—

Strike up the drum ; cry—Courage ! and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

March.—Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

What though the mast be now blown over-board,

The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?

Yet lives our pilot still : Is't meet, that he

Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,

With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much ;

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! Ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of
these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say—

—no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
wreck.

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand, why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and
rocks.

Why, courage then! What cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here:
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! Why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
O, brave young prince! Thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—Sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy,
To baste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceived, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March.—*Enter at a distance, King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,

Which, by the heaven's assistance, and your strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For, well I wot*, ye blaze to burn them out:

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,

My tears gainsay†; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes,

Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.

You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[Exeunt both Armies.]

* Know.

† Unsay, deny.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the same.

Alarums ; Excursions ; and afterwards a Retreat.—
Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER,
and Forces ; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and
SOMERSET, Prisoners.

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle* straight :
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence, I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt Somerset and Oxford, guarded.*]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made,—that who finds
Edward,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life ?

Glo. It is ; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What ! Can so young a thorn begin to prick ?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to ?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York !

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth ;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved !

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stolen the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let *Æsop*† fable in a winter's night ;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

* A castle in Picardy.

† The prince calls Richard, for his crookedness,
Æsop.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm* your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful :

Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjured George,—

And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell you all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are ;—

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [Stabs him.]

Glo. Sprawl'st thou ? Take that, to end thy agony. [Glo. stabs him.]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [Clar. stabs him.]

Q. Mar. O, kill me too !

Glo. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.]

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words † ?

K. Edw. What ? doth she swoon ? Use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother ;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter :

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What ? what ?

Glo. The Tower, the Tower ! [Exit.]

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned ! Speak to thy mother, boy !

Canst thou not speak ?—O traitors ! murderers !—

They, that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all, .

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man ; this, in respect, a child ;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it ?

No, no ; my heart will burst, an if I speak :—

And I will speak that so my heart may burst.—

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals !

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd !

* i. e. I will compel you to be as silent as if you were deprived of speech by enchantment.

† Dispute, contention.

You have no children, butchers! If you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up re-
morse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young
prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence
perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me
here;

Here sheath thy sword; I'll pardon thee my death;
What! Wilt thou not?—Then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much
ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do
thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not
do it.

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
Twas sin before*, but now 'tis charity.

What! Wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say. I charge ye, bear her
hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this
prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He is sudden, if a thing comes in his
head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—London.—A Room in the Tower.

*King HENRY is discovered sitting with a Book in
his Hand, the LIUTENANT attending. — Enter
GLOSTER.*

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so
hard?

* She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord : My lord, I should say rather ;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better :
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous ; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves : we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*]

K. Hen. So flies the reckless * shepherd from the wolf ;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death' hath Roscius now to act ?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth † every bush :
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and
kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish ‡ fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl †
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus ; my poor boy, Icarus ;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course ;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy ;
Thy brother Edward ; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words !
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.—

But wherefore dost thou come ? Is't for my life ?

Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner ?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art ;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou
didst presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophecy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel § of my fear ;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

* Careless.

† To misdoubt is to suspect danger, to fear.

‡ Childish.

§ No part of what my fears presage.

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
trees;

The raven rook'd * her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast
born,

To signify,—thou camest to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou camest—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy
speech; [Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after
this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

— [Dies.

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have
mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's
death!

O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither,
[Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear,—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
O, *Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!*
And so I was; which plainly signified—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

* To rook, signified to squat down or lodge on
any thing.

Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.
 I have no brother, I am like no brother :
 And this word—love, which greybeards call divine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me ; I am myself alone.—

Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the
 light ;

But I will sort* a pitchy day for thee :
 For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life ;
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
 King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone :
 Clarence, thy turn is next ; and then the rest ;
 Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
 I'll throw thy body in another room,
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—*The same.—A Room in the Palace.*

*King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his Throne ;
 Queen ELIZABETH with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal
 throne,

Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
 What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride ?
 Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions :
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
 And two Northumberland ; two braver men
 Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound :
 With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and
 Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security.—

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy :—
 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night ;
 Went all a foot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace ;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid ;
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

* Select.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clor. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,
thanks.

[*sprang'st,*

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cried—All hail! when as he meant—
all harm. }

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clor. What will your grace have done with Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransome.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs*, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—

Sound, drums and trumpets!—Farewell, sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

* Public shows.



THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.]—The Three Parts of King Henry VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being suppositious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly Shakspeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our author's style, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more com-

prehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred ; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of style and heterogenousness of sentiment, may sufficiently shew that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's. These plays, considered without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished, than those of King John, Richard II., or the tragic scenes of King Henry IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakspeare, to whom shall they be given ? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers ?

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind ; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his Queen, King Edward, the Duke of Gloster, and the Earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

JOHNSON.

KING RICHARD III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V. } Sons to the King.

RICHARD, Duke of York,

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III. } Brothers to the King.

A young SON of Clarence.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK: **EARL OF SURREY**, his Son.

EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen:

MARQUIS OF DORSET, and **LORD GREY**, her Sons.

EARL OF OXFORD.—**LORD HASTINGS**.—**LORD STANLEY**, **LORD LOVEL**.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.—**SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF**.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.—**SIR JAMES TYRREL**.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.—**SIR WALTER HERBERT**.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.—Another Priest.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.—**SHERIFF OF WILTSHIRE**.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.

MARGARET, Queen of King Henry VI.

DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward IV., **CLARENCE**, and **GLOSTER**.

LADY ANNE, Widow to Edward Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.

A young **DAUGHTER** of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, England.

LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London.—A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures *.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
And now, instead of mounting barbed † steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature ;
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time ;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity ;
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,

* Dances.

† Armed.

To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions* dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
 In deadly hate, the one against the other:
 And, if king Edward be as true, and just,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
 About a prophecy, which says—that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! Here Clarence
 comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard,
 That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
 O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
 That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.
 But what's the matter, Clarence? May I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest,
 As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
 And says—a wizard told him, that by G
 His issue disinherited should be;
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought, that I am he:
 These, as I learn, and such like toys† as these,
 Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by
 women:—

'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
 My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
 That tempers him to this extremity.
 Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
 Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
 That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;

* Preparations for mischief.

† Fancies.

From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself*,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever with his brother.

Glo. Even so? An please your worship, Braken-
bury,

You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, Sir? Can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught
to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee,
fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave?—Wouldst thou be-
tray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and
withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects†, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—

* The queen and Shore. † Lowest of subjects.

Were it to call king Edward's widow—sister,—
I will perform it, to enfranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? The new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too,
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd*,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consumed his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;

* Confined.

And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
 Clarence hath not another day to live :
 Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
 And leave the world for me to bustle in !
 For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter :
 What though I kill'd her husband, and her father ?
 The readiest way to make the wench amends,
 Is—to become her husband, and her father :
 The which will I ; not all so much for love,
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market :
 Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives, and
 reigns ;
 When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
 [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same.—Another Street.

Enter the Corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open Coffin, Gentlemen bearing Halberds, to guard it ; and Lady ANNE, as Mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down, your honourable load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
 Whilst I a while obsequiously lament *
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these
 wounds !

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :—
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes !
 Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it !
 Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have a child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;

• Funeral.

And that be heir to his unhappiness!
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord and thee!—
 Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.
[The Bearers take up the Corpse, and advance.]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

I Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! Stand thou when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
 Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[The Bearers set down the Coffin.]

Anne. What, do you tremble? Are you all afraid?
 Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
 Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
 His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint, for charity be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries* :—
 O, gentlemen, see, see! Dead Henry's wounds
 Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
 From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
 Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
 Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

* Example.

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death !
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick ;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butcher'd !

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man :

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excused ;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not ?

Anne. Why then, they are not dead :

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy soul's throat thou liest ; queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,

That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog ? Then, God
grant me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the king of heaven that hath
him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never
come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him
thither ;

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me
name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou
liest !

Glo. So will it, madam, 'till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method ;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accursed
effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my
cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's
wreck,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by :
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death
thy life !

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art
both.

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he
could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better na-
ture.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here : [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou
spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee
dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once!
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt
tears,

Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops :

These eyes, which never shed remorseful * tear,—

Not, when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him :

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death ;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep ;

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks ;

Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with
weeping.

I never sued to friend, nor enemy ;

My tongue could never learp sweet soothing word ;

But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to
speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*]

* Pitiful.

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his Breast open ; she offers at it with his Sword.]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill king Henry,—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young
Edward ;— *[She again offers at his Breast.]*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the Sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise ; dissembler ; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figured in

My tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then man

Was never true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know

Hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope ?

Anne. All men,

I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give. *[She puts on the Ring.]*

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place *:
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,

To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me:

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkley.*]

Glo. Take up the corse, Sirs.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming. [*Exeunt the rest, with the Corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes.

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—

Framed in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—

The spacious world cannot again afford;

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed?

* In Bishopsgate-street.

VOL. IV.

O

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injured thee? When done thee
wrong?

Or thee?—or thee?—Or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd* complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the
matter:

The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; and thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack† became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my friends;
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of
you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions[‡]
Are daily given, to enoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a
noble†.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that raised me to this careful
height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—Why, who knows
not so?

* Rude, ignorant.

† Low fellow.

‡ A coin rated at 6s. 8d.

She may do more, Sir, than denying that :
 She may help you to many fair preferments ;
 And then deny her aiding hand therein,
 And lay those honours on your high desert.
 What may she not ? She may,—ay, marry, may
 she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she ?

Glo. What, marry, may she ? Marry with a king,
 A bachelor, a handsome stripling too :
 I wis * your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
 Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :
 By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
 Of those gross taunts I often have endured.
 I had rather be a country servant-maid,
 Than a great queen, with this condition—
 To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at :
 Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee !

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What ! Threat you me with telling of the king ?

Tell him, and spare not ; look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king :

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains † are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil ! I remember them too well :
 Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
 And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends ;

To royalize ‡ his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,

Were factions for the house of Lancaster ;—

And, Rivers, so were you :—Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain ?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

* Think.

† Labours.

‡ Make royal.

What you have been ere now, and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon !—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown ;
And, for his meed *, poor lord, he is mew'd † up :
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine ;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave
this world,

Thou cacodæmon ! There thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king ;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be ?—I had rather be a pedlar :
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof !

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy were you this country's king ;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof :
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*]

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd § from me :
Which of you trembles, that looks on me ?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects ;
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels ?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in
my sight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd ;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death ?

Q. Mar. I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou owest to me,—

And thou, a kingdom ;—All of you, allegiance :

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours ;

And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

* Reward.

† Confined.

‡ Corrupt devil.

§ Pillaged.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes ;—
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fallen upon thee ;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that
babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was re-
ported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Back. Northumberland, then present, wept to
see it.

Q. Mar. What! Were you snarling all, before, I
came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with
heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven ?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses !—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king !
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence !
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self !
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss ;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !—
Rivers,—and *Dorset*,—you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord *Hastings*,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers ; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd rag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends,
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine!
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! Thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou' hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Elis. Thus have you breathed your curse
against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous hunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! You have all
moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught
your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me
duty,

* Alluding to Gloster's form and venoms.

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current*:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake
them;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry; learn it, learn it,
marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: but I was born so
high,

Our aiery† buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—Alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest:—

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair betal thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

* He was just created marquis of Dorset. † Nest.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's. [*Exit.*]

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse*, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the 'vantage† of her wrong.
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid:

He is frank'd‡ up to fattening for his pains;

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath§ to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advised;—

For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

[*Aside.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go
with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them,† 'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me

* Wonder.

† Put in a sty.

‡ Advantage.

§ Harm.

To be revenged on Rivers, Vanghan, Grey;
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two MURDERERS.

But soft, here come my executioners.—

How now, my hardy, stont, resolved mates?
Are you now going to despatch this thing?

I Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the
warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
[Gives the Warrant.]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

I Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assured,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes
drop tears:
I like you, lads;—About your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.

I Murd. We will, my noble lord. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*The same.—A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENRURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray
you, tell me!

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud,—*What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*
And so he vanish'd: then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
*Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends*

• Body.

Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites
me!—

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good
rest!— [*Clarence reposes himself on
a Chair.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward same.

Enter the Two MURDERERS.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? And how
camest thou hither?

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I
came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 Murd. O, Sir, 'tis better to be brief, than tedious:—

Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[*A Paper is delivered to Brakenbury,
who reads it.*]

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning,
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
VH to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, Sir; 'tis a point of wisdom :
Fare you well.

[*Exit Brakenbury.*]

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly,
when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes! Why, fool, he shall
never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him
sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, bath
bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What? Art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it;
but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell
him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope,
this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont
to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience
are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's
done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us
our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or
none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous
thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot
steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but
it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neigh-
bour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing
shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom;
it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once re-
store a purse of gold, that by chance I found: it
beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of
all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every
man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust
to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow,
persuading me to kill the duke.

2 Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 Murd. I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me.

2 Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 Murd. O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 Murd. Soft! he wakes.

2 Murd. Strike.

1 Murd. No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

1 Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,—

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

2 Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? Or who pronounced

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

• Inquest, jury.

Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me ;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal ! The great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder ; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's ?
Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl
on thee,

For false swearing, and for murder too ;
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel * of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow ; and, with thy treacherous
blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of my sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and
defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law
to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree ?

Clar. Alas ! For whose sake did I that ill deed ?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :

He sends you not to murder me for this ;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, that he doth it publicly ;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice †, was struck dead by thee ?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me ;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hired for meed ‡, go back again,

* On the part.

† Youth.

‡ Reward.

And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 Murd. You are deceived, your brother Gloster
hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father
York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 Murd. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Murd. Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you
deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 Murd. Why so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die,
my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
Ah, Sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 Murd. Relent! 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent* from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 Murd. Look behind you, my lord,

* Shut up.

Q

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[Stabs him.]
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt' within.

[Exit, with the Body.]
2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desp'rately despatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first MURDERER.

1 *Murd.* How now! What mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had saved his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.]

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, (led in sick) Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—Now have I done a good day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand:
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—

Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—

You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember

Our former hatred, So thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord marquiss.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces Dorset.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league,

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,

And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [*To the Queen.*] but with all dutious love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he unto me! This do I beg of heaven,

When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now, our brother Gloster here,

To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:—

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;

Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,

Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—

Among this princely heap, if any here,
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
 Hold me a foe;
 If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to this friendly peace:
 'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
 First, Madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
 Of you, my noble cousin, Buckingham,
 If ever any grudge were lodged between us;—
 Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—
 That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive,
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to-night;
 I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Ans. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter;—
 I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence?
 Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all start.*]

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! Who knows
 he is?

Q. Elis. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord, and no man in the pre-
 sence,

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? The order was re-
 versed.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
 And that a winged Mercury did bear;
 Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
 That came too late to see him buried:—
 God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
 Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
 And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I prythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me,

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life; Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman, Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought, And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?

Who spoke of brotherhood? Who spoke of love?

Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?

Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

And said, *Dear brother live, and be a king!*

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,

Frozen almost to death, how did he lap me?

Even in his garments; and did give himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Simfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But, when your carters, or your waiting vassals,

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—

But for my brother, not a man would speak,—

Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself

For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all

Have been beholden to him in his life;

Yet none of you would once plead for his life.

O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold

On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O,

Poor Clarence! [*Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings,*

Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Marked you

not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen

Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence's

death?

O! they did urge it still unto the king:

God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with your company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same.

*Enter the Duchess of York, with a SON and
DAUGHTER of CLARENCE.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your
breast?

And cry—O Clarence, *my unhappy son!*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your
head,

And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both:
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then grandam, you conclude that he is
dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! The king doth
love you well:

Incapable* and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle
Gloster

Told me, the king, provoked to't by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!

He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, gran-
dam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

* Ignorant.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly; RIVERS, and DORSET, following her.

Q. Eliz. Ah! Who shall hinder me to wail and weep?

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are cracked in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from my arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!

Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd *, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas! You three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Der. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeased,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis called—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—

* Divided.

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;

marvel, that her grace did leave it out. *[Aside.*

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing
peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love :
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young princè be fetch'd,
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of
Buckingham ?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet un-
govern'd :

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us ;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach
Which, haply, by much company might be urged :
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Lud-
low.

Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures * in this weighty business ?

[Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster.]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :

For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index † to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,

* Opinion.

† Preparatory.

My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The same.—A Street.

Enter Two CITIZENS, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself: Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the king's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another CITIZEN.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage*, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? No, no, good friends,
God wot†;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and
mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;

* Minority.

† Knows.

And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud :

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear :
You cannot reason * almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so :
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger : as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The same.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the young Duke of YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;

And at Northampton, they do rest to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? It is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; Ay, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :

* *Converse.*

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make
haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not
hold

In him that did object the same to thee :

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious
madam.

Duch. I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remem-
ber'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York ? I pr'ythee, let me
hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old,
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee
this ?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse ! Why, she was dead, ere thou
wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous * say :—Go to, you are too
shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Duch. Here comes a messenger :

What news ?

Mess. Such news, my lord,
As grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince ?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news ?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to
Pembroke,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them ?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloucester and Buckingham.

* Perilous, dangerous.

Q. Eliz. For what offence ?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed ;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house !
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind ;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne :—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days !
How many of you have mine eyes beheld ?
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss :
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self 'gainst self ;—O, preposterous
And frantic courage, end thy damned spleen ;
Or let me die, to look on death no more !

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go. [*To the Queen.*]
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep ; And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours !
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same.—A Street. -

The Trumpets sound.—Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BUCHANAN, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to the sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! But they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the LORD MAYOR, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.— *(Exit Mayor, &c.)*

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:—
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! What an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers?—Lord Cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid.
We should infringe the holy privilege

Of blessed sanctuary ! Not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lords,
Too ceremonious, and traditional :
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place :
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserved it :
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it :
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for
once.—

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste
you may. *[Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.]*

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and shall be thought
most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place :—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record ? Or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it ?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd ;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live
long. *[Aside.]*

Prince. What say, you, uncle ?

Glo. I say, without charâcters, same lives long.
Thus, like the formal * vice, Iniquity, *[Aside.]*
I moralize two meanings in one word.

* Sensible vice, the buffoon in the old plays.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
 With what his valour did enrich his wit,
 His wit set down, to make his valour live :
 Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
 For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
 I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord ?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
 I'll win our ancient right in France again,
 Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly* have a forward
 spring. *[Aside.]*

Enter YORK, HASTINES, and the CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke
 of York.

Prince. Richard of York ! How fares your loving
 brother ?

York. Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you
 now.

Prince. Ay, brother ; to our grief, as it is yours :
 Too late † he died, that might have kept that title,
 Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York ?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
 You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth :
 The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle ?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me as my sovereign ;
 But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you uncle, then, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin ? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother ?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;
 And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift ! O, that's the sword to it !

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you'll part but with light
 gifts ;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

* Commonly—

† Lately.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me; not to bear with me:—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons! To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle, He prettily and aptly taunts himself:

So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along?

Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,

Will to your mother; to entreat of her,

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, Sir, what should you fear?

York. Murry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost; My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An, if they live, I hope I need not fear.

But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart,

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not incensed* by his subtle mother, To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a pious boy; Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable†; He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest,—

Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn As deeply to effect what we intend,

* Incited.

† Intelligent.

As closely to conceal what we impart :
 Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way ;—
 What think'st thou ? Is it not an easy matter
 To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
 For the instalment of this noble duke
 In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cate. He, for his father's sake, so loves the prince,
 That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley ? Will
 not he ?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this : Go, gentle
 Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
 How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
 And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
 To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
 Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons ;
 If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
 Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,
 And give us notice of his inclination :
 For we to-morrow hold divided * councils,
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William : tell him,
 Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;
 And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
 Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
 soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we
 sleep ?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us
 both.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we
 perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

Glo. Chop off his head, man ;—Somewhat we
 will do :—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
 The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
 Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

* Separate.]

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before Lord HASTINGS' House.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, my lord,—

[*Knocking.*]

Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—

Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had rased off his helm;
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—

If presently, you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour, and myself, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend, Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance*:
And for his dreams—I wonder he's so fond†
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise, and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar‡ will use us kindly.

* Example.

† Weak.

‡ Gloster, who had a boar for his arms.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.
[Exit.]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring;

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! Wear the garland? Dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof:

And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—

That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [Aside.]

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow,
Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood*,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,
Were jocund, and supposed their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.

This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? The day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot† you
what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear
their heads,
Than some, that have accused them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a PURSUIVANT.

Hast. Go on, before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*

How now, sirrah? How goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramerey, fellow: there, drink that for
me. [*Throwing him his Purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a PRIEST.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your
honour.

* Cross.

† Know.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain ?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ;
Your honour hath no shriving * work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower ?

Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay there :
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there :

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it
not. [Aside.

Come, will you go ?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Pomfret.—Before the Castle.

Enter RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, to Execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of
you !

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this here-
after.

Rat. Despatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death :

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our
heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she
Buckingham,

* Confession.

Then cursed she Richard :—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate*.

Biv. Come, Grey,—Come, Vaughan,—let us here
embrace ;
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London.—A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the Bishop of
ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a
Table ; Officers of the Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation :

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day ?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time ?

Stan. They are ; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morow, then, I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind
herein ?

Who is most inward † with the noble duke ?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know
his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces : for our
hearts,—

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours ;

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine :—

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein :

But you, my noble lord, may name the time ;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow :
I have been long a sleeper, but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded .

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,

* Expiated, completed.

† Intimate.

William lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be
bolder :

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit Ely.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business ;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with
you. [*Exeunt Gloster and Buckingham.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of
triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector ?—I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this
morning ;

There's some conceit* or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he ;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he shew'd to-day ?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;
For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft ; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence

* Thought.

To doom the offenders : whose'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd ; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up :
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble
lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor :—
Off with his head :—Now, by St. Paul, I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Catesby, look that it be done ;—
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

*[Exeunt Council, with Gloster,
and Buckingham.]*

Hast. Woe, woe, for England ! Not a whit for me ;
For I, too fond *, might have prevented this :
Stanley did dream, the boar did raise his helm ;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And start'd, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me :
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at
dinner ;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch ; 'tis bootless to ex-
claim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard !—Miserable England !
I prophecy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—

* Weak, foolish.

Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
 They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The same.—The Tower Walls.

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty Armour, 'marvellous ill-favoured.'

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour!

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
 And then again begin, and stop again,
 As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
 Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
 Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
 Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
 And both are ready in their offices,
 At any time, to grace my stratagems.
 But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the LORD MAYOR and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! A drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' Head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
 The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
 I took him for the plainest harmless't creature,
 That breathed upon the earth a Christian;
 Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
 The history of all her secret thoughts;
 So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
 That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
 I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
 He lived from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever lived.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! Had he so?

Glo. What! Think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our person's safety,
Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! He deserved his death;

And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determined he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,

As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest 'vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son

Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without controul, list'd to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France ;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot ;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord ; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fec, for which I plead,
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
castle ;

Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go ; and, toward three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw.—
Go thou [*To Cat.*] to friar Penker ;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt Lovel and Catesby.*]

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—A Street.

Enter a SCRIVENER.

Scriv. Here's the indictment of the good lord
Hastings ;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together :—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me ;

The precedent * was full as long a doing ;
 And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,
 Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
 Here's a good world the while !—Who is so gross,
 That cannot see this palpable device ?
 Yet who so bold, but says—He sees it not ?
 Bad is the world ; and all will come to naught,
 When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.
 {Exit.

SCENE VII.—*The same.—Court of Baynard's
 Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now ? What say the citizens ?

Back. Now by the holy mother of our lord,
 The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

Back. I did ; with his contract with lady Lucy,
 And his contract by deputy in France :
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,
 And his enforcement of the city wives ;
 His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,—
 As being got, your father then in France ;
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
 Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
 Being the right idea of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind :
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
 Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
 And, when my oratory grew to an end,
 I bade them, that did love their country's good,
 Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king !*

Glo. And did they so ?

Back. No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;
 But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
 Stared on each other, and look'd deadly pale ;
 Which, when I saw, I reprehended them ;
 And ask'd the may or, what meant this wilful silence :

His answer was,—The people were not used
 To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
 Then he was urged to tell my tale again ;
 Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the duke infer'd ;

* The original draft.

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o' the hall hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cried, *God-save king Richard!*
 And thus I took the 'vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they; would they not speak?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend some fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
 And look you, get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
 And be not easily won to our requests;
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord-mayor knocks. *[Exit Gloucester.]*

Enter the LORD MAYOR, Aldermen and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
 I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! What says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
 To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
 He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation;
 And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
 Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
 In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
 No less importing than our general good,
 Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.

[Exit.]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed*,

* A couch.

But on his knees at meditation ;
 Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
 But meditating with two deep divines ;
 Not sleeping, to engross * his idle body,
 But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :
 Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
 Take on himself the sovereignty thereof ;
 But sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us
 nay !

Buck. I fear he will : here Catesby comes again ;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby ! What says his grace ?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
 Such troops of citizens to come to him,
 His grace not being warn'd thereof before :
 He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
 Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
 By heaven ! we come to him in perfect love ;
 And so once more return and tell his grace.

[Exit Catesby.]

When holy and devout religious men
 Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence ;
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, in a Gallery, above, between Two
 Bishops.—CATESBY returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two
 clergymen !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
 To stay him from the fall of vanity ;
 And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;
 True ornaments to know a holy-man.—
 Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
 Lend favourable ear to our requests ;
 And pardon us the interruption
 Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology ;
 I rather do beseech you, pardon me,
 Who, earnest in the service of my God,
 Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
 above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,

* Patten.

That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord ; would it might please
your grace,

On our entreaties to amend your fault !

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,

The sceptred office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,

The lineal glory of your royal house,

To the corruption of a blemish'd stock ;

Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,

(Which here we waken to our country's good,) —

The noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;

Her face defaced with scars of infamy ;

Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

And almost shoulder'd* in the swallowing gulf

Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion,

Which to recure†, we heartily solicit

Your gracious self to take on you the charge

And kingly government of this your land :

Not as protector, steward, substitute,

Or lowly factor for another's gain ;

But as successively, from blood to blood,

Your right of birth, your empery‡, your own.

For this, consorted with the citizens,

Your very worshipful and loving friends.

And by their vehement instigation,

In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,

Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,

Best sitteth my degree, or your condition :

If, not to answer,—you might haply think,

Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded

To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,

Which fondly you would here impose on me ;

If to reprove you for this suit of yours,

So season'd with your faithful love to me,

Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.

Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;

And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—

Definitively thus I answer you :

Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert

Unmeritable shuns your high request.

First, if all obstacles were cut away,

And that my path were even to the crown,

As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;

* Thrust into.

† Recover.

‡ Empire.

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need* to help you, if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loathed bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-deprived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this profer'd love.

* Want ability.

VOL. IV.

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Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me ?
I am unfit for state and majesty :—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse *,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you ;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Citizens.*]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept
their suit ;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?
Well, call them again ; I am not made of stone ;
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the Rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load :
But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace ! We see it, and will
say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king !

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd !

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have
it so.

* Pity.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace ;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again :—

[*To the Bishops.*
Farewell, good cousin ;—Farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and Marquis of DORSET ; on the other, ANNE, Duchess of GLOSTER, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here ?—My niece, Plantagenet

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster ?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day !

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister ! Whither
away ?

Anne. No further than the Tower ; and as I
guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks ; we'll enter all
together :

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York ?

Brak. Right well, dear madam : by your pa-
tience,

I may not suffer you to visit them ;
The king hath strictly charged the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king ! who's that ?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The lord protect him from that kingly
title !

Hath he set bounds between their love, and me ?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them ?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see
them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their
mother :

Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit Brakenbury.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour
hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster.

[*To the Duchess of Gloster.*]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead killing news!

Ann. Despiteful tidings! O displeasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your
grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee
gone,

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children:

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou encrease the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel,
madam:—

Take all the swift advantages of the hours;

You shall have letters from me to my son

In your behalf, to meet you on the way;

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—

O my cursed womb, the bed of death;

A cockatrice* hast thou hatch'd to the world,

Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was
sent.

Ann. And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge

Of golden metal†, that must round my brow,

* A serpent supposed to originate from a cock's
egg.

† The crown.

Were red-hot steel, to sear * me to the brain;
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;

And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband
now,

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
hands,

Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accursed,*

For making me, so young, so old a widow!

And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

And be thy wife (if any be so mad)

More miserable by the life of thee;

Than thou hadst made me by my dear lord's death;

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,

Even in so short a space, my woman's heart

Grossly grew captive to his honey words,

And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse:

Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest,

For never yet one hour in his bed

Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,

But with his timorous dreams was still awaked.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Der. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune

guide thee! [To Darsel.]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[To Anne]

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess

thee! [To Q. Elizabeth.]

I to my grave where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen †.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the
Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

* Burn,

† Sorrow,

Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
 Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
 Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow
 For tender princes, use my babies well!
 So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets.—RICHARD, as King upon his Throne; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a PAGE, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated :—
 But shall we wear these glories for a day?
 Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch*,

To try if thou be current gold, indeed :—
 Young Edward lives ;—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so : but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live,—True, noble prince!
 Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :—
 Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead ;
 And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? Speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes :

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,
 dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

* Touchstone.

Cate. The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip.
[*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[*Descends from his Throne.*

And unrespective * boys ; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes :—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy,—

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupt-
ing gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit † of death ?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name ?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man ; Go, call him
hither, boy.— [Exit Page.

The deep-revolving witty † Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath ?—Well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley ? what's the news ?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby ; rumour it
abroad,

That Anne my wife is very grievous sick ;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Enquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daugh-
ter :—

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st !—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die :
About it ; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—
[Exit Catesby.

Must be married to my brother's daughter,
Else my kingdom stands on brittle glass :—
Harder her brothers, and then marry her !

* Inconsiderate.

† Secret act.

‡ Cunning.

Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter PAGE, with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed ?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr. Please you ; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it ; two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal * upon :

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel ;

Go, by this token :—Rise, and lend thine ear :

[Whispers.]

There is no more but so :—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son :—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife ; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request ?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
Did prophecy, that Richmond should be king,

* Act.

When Richmond was a little peevish * boy.

A king !—perhaps—

Buck. My lord.—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time,

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him ?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond !—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont : at which name, I
started ;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock ?

Buck. I am thus bold

To put your grace in mind of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock ?

Buck. Upon the stroke
Often.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike ?

K. Rich. Because that like a Jack, thou keep'st
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will,
or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me ; I am not in the
vein.

[*Exeunt King Richard and Train.*]

Buck. And is it thus ? Repays he my deep service
With such contempt ? Made I him king for this ?
O, let me think on Hastings ; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.

* Foolish.

*O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
 Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
 Within their alabaster innocent arms :
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
 Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind ;
 But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd
 When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered
 The most replenished sweet work of nature,
 That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed.—
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
 They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.*

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes :—All health, my sovereign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happiness, be happy then,
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close ;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,

And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.

Now, for I know the Bretagne * Richmond aims

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,

To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

* The country in which Richmond had taken refuge.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton* is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;†

We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The same.—Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines silyly have I lurk'd,

To watch the waning of mine enemies.

A dire induction† am I witness to,

And will to France; hoping, the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! Who comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of YORK.

Q. Elis. Ah, my poor princes! Ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mate,—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

* Bishop of Ely.

† Introduction.

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle
lambes,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was
done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet
son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living
ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a
grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniority*,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill
him;
I had a Butland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death;
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes;
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
Q upright, just, and true-disposing God,

* Seniority.

How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow * with others' moan !

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes ;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for re-
venge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
Young York he is but boot †, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss,
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer ;
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither : but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence :—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophecy, the time would
come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my
fortune ;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen ;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index † of a direful pageant,
One heaved a high, to be hurl'd down below :
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish ‡ flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now ? Where be thy bro-
thers ?

—Where be thy two sons ? Wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the
queen ?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?

* Companion.

† Thrown in to boot.

‡ Indexes were anciently placed at the begin-
ning of books, § Flaring.

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous ;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever graced me in thy company ?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam,—

Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word ;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse ;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !

My prayers on the adverse party fight ;

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;

Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*]

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me ; I say amen to her.

[*Going.*]

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,

For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard,—

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth, virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty !

Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed ;

Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided* is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:

My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still † use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd ‡!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory †.

* Unavoidable.

† Constant.

‡ A crown.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise * to any child of mine ?

K. Rich. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love
thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her
soul.

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from
thy soul :

So, from thy soul's love didst thou love her bro-
thers ;

And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning ;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be
her king ?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen ; who
else should be ?

Q. Eliz. What, thou ?

K. Rich. Even so : What think you of it, Madam ?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,¹

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her
brothers ;

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York ; then, haply, will she weep :
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ;
Tell her, thou madest away her uncle Clarence,

* Bequeath.

Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose
but have thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended:

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset,—brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her beauteous years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;

Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? Her father's
brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still last-
ing war.

K. Rich. Tell, her the king, that may command,
entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King
forbids*.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wait the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life
last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such so-
vereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly
told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms, tell her my loving
tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too
quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and
dead;—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

* In the Levitical Law, chap. xviii. 14.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam ; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath.

Thy George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour ;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory :
If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-used.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had graced the tender temples of my child ;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. By the time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past ;

For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age :
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
Mis-used ere used, by times ill used o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent !

• The ensigns of the order of the Garter.

So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
 Of hostile arms! Myself myself confound!
 Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
 Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
 In her consists my happiness, and thine;
 Without her, follows to myself and thee,
 Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
 It cannot be avoided, but by this;
 It will not be avoided, but by this.
 Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
 Be the attorney of my love to her.
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish* found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:

Where, in that nest of spicery†, they shall breed
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
 And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so
 farewell. [*Kissing her.*—*Exit Q. Elizabeth.*]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
 How now! What news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
 Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back;
 'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

* Foolish.

† The Phoenix's nest.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend, post to the duke of Norfolk :—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby, where is he ?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither : post to Salisbury ;
When thou comest thither,—Dull unmindful villain,
[*To Catesby.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby ;—Bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go ?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is changed.—Stanley, what news with you ?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing ;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle ! Neither good nor bad !
What need'st thou run so many miles about
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way ?
Once more, what news ?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him !

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there ?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess ?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty ? Is the sword unsway'd ?

What heir of York is there alive, but we ?

And who is England's king, but great York's heir ?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas ?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege. You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes, Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not;

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:

I will not trust you, Sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[Exit Stanley.]

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another MESSENGER.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors*
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another MESSENGER.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

* Associates.

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! Nothing but songs of death? *[He strikes him.]*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty, Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters, Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd; And he himself wander'd away alone, No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy : There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine. Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another MESSENGER.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms. But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—The Bretagne navy is dispersed by tempest : Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks, If they were his assistants, yea, or no : Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham Upon his party : he, mistrusting them, Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms :

If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken, That is the best news ; That the earl of Richmond Is with a mighty power • landed at Milford, Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ; while we reason here,

A royal battle might be won and lost :—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ;—the rest march on with me.

[Exeunt.]

• Force.

SCENE V.—A Room in Lord Stanley's House.**Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*****Stan.** Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—

That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
 My son George Stanley is frank'd † up in hold;
 If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
 The fear of that withholds my present aid.
 But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.**Stan.** What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
 Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
 And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
 And many other of great fame and worth:
 And towards London do they bend their course,
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
 He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
 These letters will resolve him of my mind.
 Farewell.

[*Gives Papers to Sir Christopher.*
[*Exeunt.***ACT V.****SCENE I.—Salisbury.—An open Place.****Enter the SHERIFF, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to Execution.****Buck.** Will not king Richard let me speak with him?**Sher.** No, my good lord; therefore be patient.**Buck.** Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,

Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
 Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
 By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
 If that your moody discontented souls
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
 Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
 This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

* Chaplain to the countess of Richmond.

† In which hogs are set apart for fattening.

Sherr. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why then, All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me when I was found

False to his children, or his wife's allies:

This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall

By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,

Is the determined respite of my wrongs*.

That high All-seer which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,

And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.

Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men

To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—

When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with
sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—

Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of
blame. *[Exeunt Buckingham, &c.]*

SCENE II.—*Plain near Tamworth.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD,
Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, and
others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving
friends,

Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,

Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment;

And here receive we from our father Stanley

Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.

The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,

That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
trough

In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine

Lies now even in the centre of this isle,

Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:

From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,

To reap the harvest of perpetual peace.

By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

* Injurious practice.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our 'vantage. Then, in God's name, march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

Enter King RICHARD, and Forces; the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, my glorious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! Must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;
[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's Tent.*]

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account. Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength, Which they upon the adverse faction want.—Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen, Let us survey the 'vantage of the ground;—Call for some men of sound direction:—Let's want no discipline, make no delay; For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter, on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords. Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's Tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
 Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
 Give me some ink and paper in my tent ;—
 I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
 Limit * each leader to his several charge,
 And part in just proportion our small power.
 My lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
 And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me :
 The earl of Pembroke keeps † his regiment ;—
 Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
 And by the second hour in the morning
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent :—
 Yet one thing more, good captain do for me ;
 Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
 (Which, well I am assured, I have not done,)
 His regiment lies half a mile at least
 South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
 Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
 him,
 And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
 And so, God give you quiet rest to night !

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,
 gentlemen,
 Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;
 In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the Tent.]

*Enter to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK,
 RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock ?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord ;
 It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
 Give me some ink and paper.—
 What, is my heaver easier than it was ?—
 And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Cate. It is, my liege ; and all things are in rea-
 diness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;
 Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
 Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. *[Exit.]*

* Appoint.

† Remains with.

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stantley's regiment ; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch * ;—

[*To Catesby.*

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow,—
Look that my staves † be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland ?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time ‡, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine :
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready ?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch ; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*King Richard retires into his Tent.—Exeunt
Ratcliff and Catesby.*

*Richmond's Tent opens, and discovers him, and his
Officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !

Richm. Ah comfort, that the dark night can
afford,

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !

Tell me, how fares our loving mother ?

Stan. I, by attorney §, bless thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good ;

So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,

And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,

Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement

Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war,

* A watch-light.

† Twilight.

‡ Wood of the lances.

§ Deputation.

I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George
 Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell : The leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell
 upon ;

God give us leisure for these rites of love !
 Once more, adieu :—Be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;
 Lest leaden slumber pelse* me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory :
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[Exeunt Lords, &c. with Stanley.]

O Then ! whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
 Put in their hands thy bruising trons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory !
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;
 Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still ! *[Sleeps.]*

The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, SON to HENRY the Sixth, rises between the two Tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
[To King Richard.]

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
 At Tewkesbury : Despair therefore, and die !—

Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[To King Richard.]

By thee was punched full of deadly holes :
 Think on the Tower, and me ; Despair, and die ;
 Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die !—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !

[To Richmond.]

* Weigh.

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!

The GHOST of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To King Richard.*

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[*To Richmond.*
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle; Live, and flourish!

The GHOSTS of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[*To King Richard.*
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
[*To King Richard.*

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty
fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

[*To King Richard.*
All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom
[*To Richmond.*
Will conquer him;—Awake, and win the day!

The GHOST of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To King Richard.*

And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

[*To Richmond.*
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The GHOSTS of the Two young PRINCES rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
Tower;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in
joy;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The GHOST of Queen ANNE rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword ; Despair, and die !—
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;

[To Richmond.]

Dream of success and happy victory ;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The GHOST of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that helped thee to the crown ;

[To King Richard.]

The last was I, that felt thy tyranny :
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ;
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !—
I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid :

[To Richmond.]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish.—King Richard starts out of his Dream.]

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by ;
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here ? No ;—Yes ; I am :
Then fly.—What, from myself ? Great reason :
Why ?

Lest I revenge. What ? Myself on myself ?
I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself ?
O, no : alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain : Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well :—Fool, do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

VOL. IV.

A a

Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;
 Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
 All several sins, all used in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
 And, if I die, no soul will pity me:
 Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village
 cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful
 dream!—

What thinkest thou? Will our friends prove all
 true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of
 shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
 Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
 To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff.]

RICHMOND wakes.—Enter OXFORD and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
 That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
 dreams,

That ever entered in a drowsy head,
 Have I since your departure had, my lords.
 Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard
 murdered,

Came to my tent, and cried—On! Victory!
 I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.— [*He advances to the Troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high reared bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide:
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the means to help
him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair*, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward† you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit‡ it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!
[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching
Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

* Throne.

† Guard.

‡ Requite.

K. Rich. He said the truth : And what said Surrey then ?

Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right ; And so, indeed, it is.
[Clock strikes.

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,

He should have braved * the east an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff.—

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond ? For the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ;—Caparison my horse ;—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :—

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot ;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst :

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we ourself will follow

In the main battle : whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and Saint George to boot !—What think'st thou, Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—

This found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a Scroll.

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,* [Reads.

For Dickon † thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;

* Made it splendid.

† The ancient familiarization of Richard.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say, more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort* of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Breagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? Lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*]
Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!—

Enter a MESSENGER.

What says lord Stanley? Will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;

* Company.

† Fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits upon our helmets.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarm: Excursions.—Enter NORFOLK, and Forces;
to him CATSBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond, in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarm.—Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—
A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums.—Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND;
and exeunt, fighting.—Retreat and Flourish.—Then
enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the Crown,
with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be praised, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquitted thee!

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—
But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their birth.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,

That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose with the red:—
Smile heaven, upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.—
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's
peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen!
[*Exe ant.*]



KING RICHARD III.]—This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.
JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson in thinking that this play from its first exhibition to the present hour has been estimated greatly beyond its merit. From the many allusions to it in books of that age, and the great number of editions it passed through, I suspect it was more often represented and more admired than any of our author's tragedies. Its

popularity perhaps in some measure arose from the detestation in which Richard's character was justly held, which must have operated more strongly on those whose grand-fathers might have lived near his time; and from its being patronized by the Queen on the throne, who probably was not a little pleased at seeing King Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could have been exhibited on the scene. MALONE.

I most cordially join with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Malone in their opinions; and yet perhaps they have overlooked one cause of the success of this tragedy. The part of Richard is, perhaps, beyond all others variegated, and consequently favourable to a judicious performer. It comprehends, indeed, a trait of almost every species of character on the stage. The hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and repenting sinner, &c. are to be found within its compass. No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson, should at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the same author.

Yet the favour with which this tragedy is now received, must also in some measure be imputed to Mr. Cibber's reformation of it, which, generally considered, is judicious: for what modern audience would patiently listen to the narrative of Clarence's dream, his subsequent expostulation with the Murderers, the prattle of his Children, the soliloquy of the Scrivener, the tedious dialogue of the Citizens, the ravings of Margaret, the gross terms thrown out by the Duchess of York on Richard, the repeated progress to execution, the superfluous train of spectres, and other undramatic incumbrances, which must have prevented the more valuable parts of the play from rising into their present effect and consequence? The expulsion of languor, therefore, must atone for such remaining want of probability as is inseparable from an historical drama into which the events of fourteen years are irregularly compressed. STEVENS.

KING HENRY VIII.

VOL. IV.

B b

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.—CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor, Charles V.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.—DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.—EARL OF SURREY.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN.—LORD CHANCELLOR.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.—LORD ABERGAVENNY.—LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.—SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY.—SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

SECRETARIES to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

THREE OTHER GENTLEMEN.

DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.

GARTER KING AT ARMS.

SURVEYOR to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.—Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner.—A Cryer.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry ; afterwards divorced.

ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour ; afterwards Queen.

AN OLD LADY, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows ; Women attending upon the Queen ; Spirits, which appear to her ; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Scene, chiefly in London and Westminster ; once at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh ; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass ; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived : for, gentle hearers, know, .
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,) .
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye : think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living ; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery !
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one Door ; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,

Since last we saw in France ?

Nor. I thank your grace :

Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde :

I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;
Which had they,

What four throned ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory : men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single ; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's : To-day, the French,
All clinquant*, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India : every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,

* Glittering, shining.

Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting : now this mask
 Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them ; him in eye,
 Still him in praise : and, being present both,
 'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discerners
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
 suns

(For so they phrase them), by their heralds chal-
 lenged

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous
 story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal ;
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
 Order gave each thing view ; the office did
 Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,

I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
 In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
 Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! No man's pit is
 free'd

From his ambitious finger. What had he
 To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder,
 That such a beech † can with his very bulk
 Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
 And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, Sir,
 There's in him staff that puts him to these ends :
 For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
 Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
 For high seats done to the crown ; neither aided
 To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,

* Initiation.

† A term of reproach.

Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way ;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him : Whence has he
that ?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the
file *

Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on
them

For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue ?

Nor. Grievingly I think,

The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspired ; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out ;

For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore

The ambassador is silenced ?

• The list

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchased
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards
you

Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: you know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up, my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
rock,
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the Purse borne before
him,) certain of the Guard, and two SECRETARIES
with Papers.—The Cardinal in his Passage fixeth
his Eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM, on
him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and
Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Wolsey and Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore,
best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks

• Managed.

Matter against me ; and his eye reviled
 Me, as his abject object : at this instant
 He bores me with some trick : he's gone to the
 king ;

I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
 And let your reason with your choler question
 What 'tis you go about : to climb steep hills,
 Requires slow pace at first : anger is like
 A full-hot horse ; who being allow'd his way,
 Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
 Can advise me like you : be to yourself
 As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king ;
 And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
 This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,
 There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised ;
 Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
 That it do singe yourself : we may outrun,
 By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
 And lose by over-running. Know you not,
 The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advised :
 I say again, there is no English soul
 More stronger to direct you than yourself ;
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
 I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along
 By your prescription :—But this top-proud fellow,
 (Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
 From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
 And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say 't ; and make my
 vouch as strong
 As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
 Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
 As he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief,
 As able to perform it : his mind and place
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
 Only to shew his pomp as well in France
 As here at home, suggests * the king our master
 To this last costly treaty, the interview,

* Excites.

That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor: 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleased ; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be : to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead : but our count
cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under the pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour ; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation :
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him : he privily
Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promised ; whereby his suit was
granted,

Ere it was ask'd ;—but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired ;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable ;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a Sergeant at Arms before him,
and Two or Three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,

The net has fall'n upon me ; I shall perish
Under device and practice *.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present : 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence ; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
heaven

Be done in this and all things !—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company :—The
king [To Abergavenny.
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute ; and the
bodies

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs of the plot : no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins ?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great car-
dinal
Hath shew'd him gold : my life is spann'd already :
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham ;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Council-Chamber.

Cornets.—Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY,
the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL,
Officers and Attendants.—The King enters lean-
ing on the Cardinal's Shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i' the
level

Of a full charged confederacy, and give thanks,

• Unfair stratagem.

To you that choked it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

*The King takes his State.—The Lords of the Council
take their several Places.—The Cardinal places
himself under the King's Seat, on his right Side.*

*A Noise within, crying, room for the Queen.—Enter
the QUEEN, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK
and SUFFOLK : she kneels.—The King riseth from
his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her
by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us :—Half your
suit

Never name to us ; you have half our power :
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself ; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady, mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance : there have been commis-
sions
Sent down among them, which hath staw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties :—Wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear : for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinners, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner

Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file.
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them; and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintances. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note; they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturesome
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is named, your wars in France: this makes bold
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to
pass,

That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.

• I am only one among the other counsellors.

If I am traduced by tongues, which neither know
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
 'Tis but the fate of place; and the rough brake *
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint †
 Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope ‡ malicious censurers; which ever,
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, once § weak ones, is
 Not ours, or not allow'd ¶; what worst, as oft,
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each †
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has denied
 The force of this commission: pray, look to't;
 I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd com-
 mons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised,
 That, through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter SURVEYOR.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Bucking-
 ham
 Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:

* Thicket of thorns.

† Retard.

‡ Encounter.

§ Sometime.

¶ Approved.

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out * of himself.

Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust), of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate
- what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry † it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends:

Q. Kath. My learned lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? To this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

* Beyond.

† Conduct, manage.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Sure. Not lang before your highness sped to France,

The duke being at the Rose *, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey : I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk ; that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued,—Neither the king, nor his
heirs,

(Tell you the duke) shall prosper : bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty ; the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants : take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul ! I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on :—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived ; and that 'twas
dangerous for him,
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do : He answer'd, *Tush !*
It can do me no damage : adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha ! What, so rank ? Ah, ha !
There's mischief in this man :—Canst thou say far-
ther ?

Sure. I can, my liege.

• Now Merchant-Taylors' School.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Serv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time :—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What
hence ?

Serv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard : who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence ; which if granted
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, Madam, may his highness live in
freedom,
And this man out of prison ?

Q. Kath. God mend all !

K. Hen. There's something more would out of
thee ; what say'st ?

Serv. After—the duke his father—with the knife,
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil used, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd ;
Call him to present trial : if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek't of us : by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN, and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle
Men into such strange mysteries ?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely

A fit * or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd ones ;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones ;
one would take it,

That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt † reign'd among them.

Cham. Death ! My lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How
now ?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for ?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there ; now I would pray
our monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre ‡.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions), leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks ;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom), renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men ;
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio* §, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords ; the sly whore-
sons

* Grimace. † Disease incident to horses.

‡ A palace at Paris. § With authority.

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're
going;
(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lev. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lev. That churchman bears a bounteous mind in-
deed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in
him,
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine;
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays*;
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys.—A small Table under a State for the
CARDINAL, a longer Table for the Guests.—Enter
at one Door, ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords,
Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as Guests; at another
Door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace

* The speaker is at Bridewell, and the cardinal's
house was at Whitehall.

Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
 To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
 In all this noble bevy *, has brought with her
 One care abroad; he would have all as merry
 As first-good company, good wine, good welcome
 Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are
 tardy;

*Enter Lord CHAMBERLAIN, Lord SANDS, and Sir
 THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company
 Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
 But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
 Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
 I think, would better please them: by my life,
 They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now con-
 fessor

To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;

They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy!

Sands. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir
 Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
 His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
 Two women placed together makes cold weather:—
 My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
 Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
 And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet
 ladies:

*[Seats himself between Anne Bullen and another
 Lady.]*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
 I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love
 too;

But he would bite none; just as I do now,
 He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[Kisses her.]

Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,

* Company.

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.—Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended; and
takes his State.**

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. *[Drinks.]*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have
them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play †.
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.
*[Drum and Trumpets within: Chambers †
discharged.]*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out, there, some of you.

[Exit a Servant.]

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileged.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Cham. How now? What is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge and
landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

* Chair. † Choose my game. ‡ Small cannon.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French
tongue;

And pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

*[Exit Chamberlain, attended.—All arise, and
Tables removed.]*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

*Hautboys.—Enter the KING, and Twelve others, as
Maskers, habited like Shepherds, with Sixteen
Torch-bearers; ushered by the Lord CHAMBER-
LAIN.—They pass directly before the CARDINAL,
and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord Chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace, for which I
pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their plea-
sures. *[Ladies chosen for the Dance.—The
King chooses Anne Bullen.]*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O,
beauty!

Till now I never knew thee. *[Music.—Dance.]*

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me;
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Cham. goes to the Company, and returns.]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then. [*Comes from his State.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal :

[Unmasking.]
You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should now judge unhappily *.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither : What fair lady's that ?

Cham.. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bal-
len's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet
heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet
partner,

I must not yet forsake you :—Let's be merry ;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen
healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure †
To lead them once again ; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[Exeunt, with Trumpets.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter two GENTLEMEN, meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast ?

2 *Gent.* O, God save you !

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

* Mischievously.

† Dance.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the cere-
mony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray speak, what has happen'd?

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
To him brought, *visà voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.

All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could
And so, his peers, upon this evidence, [did:]
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear him-
self?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,—
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainer,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much.
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buck-
ingham,

The mirror of all courtesy;—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his Arraignment; The
staves before him; the Axe with the edge towards
him; Halberds on each Side: with him Sir THO-
MAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM
SANDA, and common People.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet heaven bear wit-
ness,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those that sought it, I could wish more Chris-
tians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved
me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave

Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's
name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with : no black envy
Shall make * my grave.—Commend me to his grace ;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be !
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your grace ;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward
Bohun :

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,

* Close.

Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Besure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in you fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[Exeunt Buckingham and Train.]

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith * to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, Sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,

* Great fidelity.

The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark: but is't
not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN, reading a Letter.

Cham. My lord,—The horses your lordship sent
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen,
ridden, and furnished. They were young and hand-
some; and of the best breed in the north. When
they were ready to set out for London, a man of my
lord Cardinal's, by commission, and main power,
took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master
would be served before a subject, if not before the
king; which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good
Lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's
wife

Hath crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:

That blind priest, like the eldest son of Hertford,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one
day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! He'll never know himself
else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis
most true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks
them,

And every true heart weeps for't: all, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king

• High or low.

From these sad thoughts; that work too much upon
My lord, you'll bear us company? [him:—

Cham. Excuse me;

The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

NORFOLK opens a Folding-door.—The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! Sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? Ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? Ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold;

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business;
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? Ha?—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To Campeius.*]

Most learned reverend Sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

[*To Wolsey.*]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go. [*To Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though*, for his
place:

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

* So sick as he is proud.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :
Who can be angry now ? What envy reach you ?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices ; Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius ;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid
him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;
They have sent me such a man I would have
wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble : to your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding),—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come :—Where's Gardiner ?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have ; and
my favour
To him that does best ; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit Wolsey.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand : much joy and favour
to you ;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised
me. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.]

Cam. My lord of York, was not our doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! Of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man^a still; which so grieved

him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living man-
murens,

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fel-
low,

If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near me. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[Exit Gardiner.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science,—

O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber in the Queen's
Apartments.**

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang
that pinches:

His highness having lived so long with her; and
she

^a Out of the king's presence.

So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt*! It is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! Much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be tempe-
ral,

Yet, if that quarrel†, fortune, do divorces
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again‡.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having§.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old D. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for†; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth||, are blessings: and which
(Saving your mincing) the capacity [gifts
Of your soft cheveril¶ conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be
a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bowed** would
hire me,

* A sentence of ejection.

† Quarreller.

‡ No longer an Englishwoman.

§ Possession.

|| Truth.

¶ Kid-skin.

** Crook'd.

Old as I am, to queen it : But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess ? Have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old. L. Then you are weakly made : Pluck off
a little :

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to : if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk !
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England !
You'd venture an emballing : I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes
here ?

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth
to know
The secret of your conference ?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women : there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen !

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers, and
wishes,
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit *,
The king hath of you.—I have perused her well ;
[*Aside.*

Beauty and honour in her are, so mingled,
That they have caught the king ; and who knows
yet,

But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle ?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is ; see, see !
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds : and you, (O fate !)
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune !) have your mouth fill'd
up,

Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it ? Is it bitter ? Forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt :—Have you heard it ?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pem-
broke !

A thousand pounds a year ! for pure respect ;
No other obligation : By my life,
That promises more thousands : Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess ;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot ; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence : pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me ?

[*Exeunt.*

* Opinion.

SCENE IV.—A Hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.*—Enter two *Vergers* with short *Silver Wands*; next them, two *SCRIBERS*, in the *Habits* of *Doctors*; after them, the *Archbishop* of *CANTERBURY* alone; after him the *Bishops* of *LINCOLN*, *ELY*, *ROCHESTER*, and *SAINT ASAPH*; next them, with some small distance, follows a *Gentleman* bearing the *Purse*, with the great *Seal*, and a *Cardinal's Hat*; then two *Priests*, bearing each a *Silver Cross*; then a *Gentleman-usker* bare-headed, accompanied with a *Sergeant at Arms*, bearing a *Silver Mace*; then two *Gentlemen*, bearing two great *Silver Pillars†*; after them, side by side, the two *Cardinals* *WOLSEY* and *CAMPBELL*; two *Noblemen* with *Sword* and *Mace*.—Then enter the *KING* and *QUEEN*, and their *Trains*.—The *King* takes place under the *Cloth of State*; the two *Cardinals* sit under him, as *Judges*.—The *Queen* takes place at some distance from the *King*.—The *Bishops* place themselves on each side the *Court*, in manner of a *Consistory*; between them, the *Scribes*. The *Lords* sit next the *Bishops*. The *Crier* and the rest of the *Attendants* stand in convenient order about the *Stage*.

Wol. Whilst our commission from *Rome* is read, Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her Chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his Feet; then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for

* Flourish on cornets.

† Ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals.

I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
 Born out of your dominions ; having here
 No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
 In what have I offended you ? What cause
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me ? Heaven wit-
 ness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable :
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,
 As I saw it inclined. When was the hour,
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your
 friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy ? What friend of mine,
 That had to him derived your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking ? Nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharged ? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you : if, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before : it is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful : wherefore I
 humbly

Beseech you, Sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised ; whose counsel
 I will implore : if not ; i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,
 (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers ;
 men

Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause : It shall be therefore boot-
 less * ,

That longer you desire the court ; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace -

Hath spoke well, and justly : therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produced, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
 To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath. Sir,
 I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
 We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay,
 before,
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induced by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,
 You shall not be my judge : for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
 Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say
 again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,

You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
 wrong :

I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
 For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
 That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
 The king is present : if it be known to him,

* Useless.

That I gainsay* my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? Yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which
before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and
humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming †,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers: and your
words,

Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into
the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? Pray you,
keep your way:

When you are call'd, return,—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more, *[ed:]*
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and her other Attendants.]

* Deny. † Appearance.

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i' the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that : thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out *,)
The queen of earthly queens :—She is noble born ;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and
bound,

There must I be unloosed ; although not there
At once† and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness ; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't ? Or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person ?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excused :
But will you be more justified ? You ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never
Desired it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd ; oft
The passages made ‡ toward it :—On my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me
to't,—

I will be bold with time, and your attention :—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give
heed to't :—

My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambas-
sador ;

* Speak on thy merits.

† Immediately satisfied.

‡ Closed or fastened.

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary : I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the bishop), did require a respite ;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast ; which forced such way,
That many mazed considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If not conceived a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them :—Hence I took a
thought,

This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladdened in't by me : then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling* in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together ; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek †,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoken long ; be pleased your-
self to say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—That I committed

* Floating without guidance.

† Waste or wear away.

The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt ;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then moved you,
My lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
To make this present summons :—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court ;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on :
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward :
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd * o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day :
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return† ! With thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court :
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Palace at Bridewell.—A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The QUEEN, and some of her Women, at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows
sad with troubles ;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst : leave
working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing ;*

* Without compare.

† An apostrophe to the absent bishop.

*To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence*.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour? I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

They should be good men; their affairs† as righteous:

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw,

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'would all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy

Above a number,) if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,

Envy and base opinion set against them,

I know my life so even: if your business

* Presence-chamber.

† Professions.

Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly ; truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin ;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious ;

Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank
you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;
Believe me, she has had much wrong : Lord cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you,)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses ;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady : but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace ;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. *[Aside.*

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so !)
But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause ;
Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears ;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,

But little for my profit : Can you think, lords,

That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?

Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,

(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)

And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,

They that must weigh out * my afflictions,

They that my trust must grow to, live not here ;

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,

In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, Sir ?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection ;

He's loving, and most gracious : 'twill be much

Both for your honour better, and your cause ;

For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,

You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin :

Is this your christian counsel ? Out upon ye !

Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge,

That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye ; holy men I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;

But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye :

Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady ?

A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?

I will not wish ye half my miseries,

I have more charity : but say, I warn'd ye ;

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, least at once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;

You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing : Woe upon ye,

And all such false professors ! Would ye have me

(If you have any justice, any pity :

* Outweigh.

If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
 Alas ! he has banish'd me his bed already ;
 His love, too long ago : I am old, my lords,
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him
 Is only my obedience. What can happen
 To me, above this wretchedness ? All your studies
 Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—(let me speak
 (myself,
 Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true
 one ?

A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
 Never yet branded with suspicion ?
 Have I with all my full affections
 Still met the king ? loved him next heaven ? obey'd
 him ?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him *,
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'Tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
 aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so
 guilty,
 To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to : nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English
 earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your
 hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady ?
 I am the most unhappy woman living,—
 Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?

(To her Women.)

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me,
 Almost, no grave allow'd me :—Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head, and perish.

* Served him with superstitious attention.

Wal. If your grace
 Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you? Alas! our places,
 The way of our profession is against it;
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them,
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience, [riage.
 So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
 With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
 Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please
 To trust us in your business, we are ready
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray,
 forgive me,
 If I have used* myself unmannerly:
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray, do my service to his majesty:
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
 Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
 That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment.*

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK,
 the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
 And force † them with a constancy, the cardinal

* Behaved.

† Enforce.

Cannot stand under them : if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected ? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself ?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures :
What he deserves of you and me, I know ;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not ;
His spell in that is out : the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how ?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscar-
And came to the eye o' the king ; wherein was
read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,

And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death ; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sus. 'Would he had !

Sus. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
For, I profess, you have it.

Sus. Now all my joy
Trace * the conjunction !

Sus. My amen to 't !

Nor. All men's.

Sus. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young †, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized ‡.

Sus. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Sus. No, no ;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Cam-
pells

Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder !

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?

Sus. He is return'd, in his opinions ; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen ; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

* Follow. † New. ‡ Made memorable.
VOL. IV. H h

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance : you, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad ?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while. *[Exit Cromwell.]*

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pen-

Nor. He's discontented. *[broke !]*

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Suf. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman ; a knight's
daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress ! The queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her vir-
tuous,

And well-deserving ! Yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret
the string,
The master-cord of his heart !

Enter the KING, reading a Schedule ; and Lovell.*

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion ! And what expence by the hour

Seems to flow from him ! How, I' the name of thrift,

Does he rake this together !—Now, my lords ;
Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him : some strange commotion

Is in his brain ; he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple ; straight
Springs out into fast gait† ; then, stops again ,
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be ;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required ; and, wot you, what I found
There ; on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth, an inventory, this importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will ;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his Seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.]

Wol. Heaven forgive me !—
Ever God bless your highness !

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which

* An inventory.

† Steps.

You were now running o'er ; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit : sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband ; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well. †

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved
you :

He said, he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart : have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ?

Sur. The Lord increase this business ! [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours ;—My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities : mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;
My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd ;
A loyal and obedient subject is

Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
more

On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him Papers.*]
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey: the
Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*]

Wol. What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house*, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? Words cannot
carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
(I mean, your malice), know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye? And how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave
me:

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Suf. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Suf. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Suf. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bemoaning land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

* Asher, in Surrey.

(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together),
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest
him :

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wel. This, and all else,
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour ;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate * a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst
feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded † by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap ‡, like larks.

Wel. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king : your good-
ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life :—I'll startle you

* Equal. † Ridden.

‡ A cardinal's hat is scarlet, and the method of
daring larks is by small mirrors on scarlet cloth.

Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:

I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir;

I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance,

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere * undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

* Absolute.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue;
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure
is,—

Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine * within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire* †,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you :
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations;
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

* As the Pope's legate.

† A writ incurring a penalty.

VOL. IV.

I i

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings;
May have a tomb of orphans' tears * wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

* The chancellor is the guardian of orphans.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell.

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use † now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-
well,

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of ho-
nour,—

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,

† Interest.

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou wilt, O
Cromwell,

Thou shalt a blessed martyr. Serve the king :
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in :

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! My hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter Two GENTLEMEN, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.

2 *Gent.* And so are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and
behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last en-
counter,

The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true : but that time offer'd sor-
row ;

This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well : the citizens,

I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds ;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever for-
ward

In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that con-
tains,

That paper in your hand ?

1 *Gent.* Yes ; 'tis the list

Of those, that claim their offices this day.

By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high steward ; next, the duke of Norfolk,

He to be earl marshal ; you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, Sir; had I not known these customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine, The princess dowager? How goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned and reverend fathers of his order, Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not: And, to be short, for not appearance, and The king's late scruple, by the main assent Of all these learned men she was divorced, And the late marriage * made of none effect: Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton, Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!— [Trumpets.
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets; then, enter

1. Two Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.
3. Choristers singing. [Music.
4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head, a gilt copper crown.
5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-ateward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.
8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

* The marriage lately considered as valid.

9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know:—

Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: and that should be

The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

[Looking on the Queen.]

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.]

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

God save you, Sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger

Could not be wedged in more; and I am stifled With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw

The ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doubtles, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace arose, and, with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd; and, saint-like,

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary),
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishops,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it
comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you? {him.

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king

Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between
GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prythee, good Griffith, tell me how he
died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads*, he came to Leicester,

* By short stages.

Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably received him;
 To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
 Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold, should be his last), full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity,—He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach*, ever ranking
 Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
 Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
 His own opinion was his law: † the presence ‡
 He would say untruths; and be ever double,
 Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to ‡ much honour. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
 Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as sum-
 mer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford † one; of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;

* Pride. † Of the king. ‡ Formed for. § Ipswich.
 VOL. IV. K k

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death, I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Music.

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down
quiet,
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision.—*Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, and then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend courtesies; then the two that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them.*—*The Music continues.*

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly; there is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O, my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since you first knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam. [Giving it to Katharine.]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, Madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model * of our chaste loves, his young daughter †:—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well :) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I shall not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be ‡ a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have
them.

The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus,
These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

* Image.

† Afterwards Queen Mary.

‡ Even if he should be.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good
wench,
Let me be used with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.— [*Exeunt, leading Katherine.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Gallery in the Palace.

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of WINCHESTER, a PAGE
with a Torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS
LOVELL.*

Ger. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Ger. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Ger. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primers^e
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Ger. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter?

It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch† of your late business: affairs that walk
(As, they say, spirits do), at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
labour,

• A game at cards.

† Hint.

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, Sir, Sir,—
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-
well,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, Sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments;
With which the time will load him: the archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; and who dare
speak

One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas.
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd * the lord's o' the council, that he is .
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken † with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented ‡. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your
servant. [Exit Gardiner and Page.

* Set on.

† Told their minds.

‡ Summoned.

As Lovell is going out, enter the KING, and the Duke of Suffolk.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night; My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles; Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.— Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her What you commanded me, but by her woman, I sent your message; who return'd her thanks In the greatest humbleness, and desired your highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? Ha! To pray for her? What, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her sufferance Almost each pang a death. [made

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and With gentle travail, to the gladding of Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles, Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone; For I must think of that, which company Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness A quiet night, and my good mistress will Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.— [Exit Suffolk.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, Sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake; I am happily come hither. [Aside.

Re-enter DENNY with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.* Ha!—I have said.—Be gone. What!— [Exit Lovell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearful :—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your 'highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me
your hand,

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-
sider'd,

Have moved us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues,

Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers: and to have heard you
Without indurance, farther

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty

* One of the council.

If they shall fall, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh * not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i' the world, with the whole
Your enemies [world ?

Are many, and not small ; their practices
Must bear the same proportion : and not ever †
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it : At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you ? Such things have been
done.

You are potently opposed ; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween ‡ you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to ;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me !

K. Hen. Be of good cheer ;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see
You do appear before them : if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you : If entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man
weeps !

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !
I swear, he is true-hearted ; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit Cranmer.*—He
has strangled

His language in his tears.

— Enter an old LADY.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back ; What mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels

* Value.
VOL. IV.

† Always.
L 1

‡ Think.

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege:
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'Tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to
the queen. *[Exit King.]*

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light I'll
have more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the girl is like to him?

I will have more, or else unsay't; and now

While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; SERVANTS, DOOR-KEEPER, &c.
attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the
gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? What means
this?—Hoaj

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me;

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd
for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. *[Exit Butts.]*

Cran. *[Aside.]* 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; as he past along,

How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
 Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For
 certain,
 This is of purpose laid, by some that hate me,
 (God turn their hearts! I never sought their
 malice,)
 To quench mine honour: they would shame to
 make me
 Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
 Among boys, grooms, and lacqueys. But their
 pleasures
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a Window above, the KING and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a
 day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
 Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
 Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had
 thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them,
 (At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,
 To dance attendance on their lordships' plea-
 sures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.
 By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
 We shall hear more anon.—

The Council-Chamber.

*Enter the Lord CHANCELLOR, the Duke of SUFFOLK,
 Earl of SURREY, Lord CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER,
 and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself
 at the upper End of the Table on the left Hand, a
 Seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop
 of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in
 Order on each Side. CROMWELL at the lower End,
 as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master Secretary:
 Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the Council-Table.]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty : but we all are men,
In our own nature frail ; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels ; out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your
chaplains,

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous ; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords : for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle ;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur
them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic : and what follows then ?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever, to do well : nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart *, my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,

* ' In singleness of heart.'—Acts, ii. 46.

Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
 'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
 Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Ger. My lord, because we have business of more
 moment,
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'

pleasure,
 And our consent, for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower;
 Where, being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Crom. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank
 you,

You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful; I see your end,
 'Tis my undoing: love, and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition;
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Ger. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth; your painted gloss dis-
 covers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
 By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
 To load a falling man.

Ger. Good master Secretary,
 I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
 Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Ger. Do not I know you for a favourer
 Of this new sect? Ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest !
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us : Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gar. What other [some.
Would you expect ? You are strangely trouble-
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter GUARD.

Cram. For me ?

Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords, !
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd ?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain :
How much more is his life in value with him ?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious ;
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*To Cranmer.*] sit down. Now let me
see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sir. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, Sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lowsy footboy
At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom ; there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed,
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.

a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor^{*} once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *clabs* † when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell one I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: the devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure, I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum* ‡, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadies §, that is to come.

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming. As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand fellows.

There's a trim rattle let in: Are all these Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: you are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards ||, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find away out.
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find

* The brazier.

† Outcry for assistance. ‡ Place of confinement.

§ A desert of whipping.

|| Black leather vessels to hold beer.

A Marshalsea, shall hold, you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll pick * you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV.—The Palace†.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, GARTER, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his Marshal's Staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts, then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c.—Train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies.—The Troop pass once about the stage, and GARTER speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish.—Enter KING and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—

All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,

Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,

May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—

[The King kisses the Child.]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,

When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir,

For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter

Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.

* Pitch.

† At Greenwich.

This royal infant, (heaven still move about her !)
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness,)
 A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And that all shall succeed : Sheba was never
 More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
 Than this pure soul shall be : All princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her : Truth shall nurse
 her,
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
 She shall be loved, and fear'd : her own shall
 bless her ;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows
 with her :
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
 God shall be truly known ; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 [Nor * shall this peace sleep with her : but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir
 As great in admiration as herself ;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
 darkness,)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth,
 terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him :—Our children's chil-
 dren
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

* This and the following seventeen lines were
 probably written by B. Johnson, after the acces-
 sion of king James.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more ! But she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing :
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank you all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden ;
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords ;—

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here : Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught : others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty !*
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we shew'd them ; if they smile
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

The play of Henry the Eighth is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation; about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not only the merit of this play. The meek sorrows, and virtuous distress of Katharine, have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. JOHNSON.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two Parts of Henry the Fourth, and Henry the Fifth, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and King John, Richard the Third, and Henry the Eighth, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed, Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches, with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing The History of the World. IBID.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR, **TROILUS**, **PARIS**, } His Sons.

DEIPHOBUS, **HELENUS**, }
ÆNEAS, **ANTENOR**, Trojan Commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the
Greeks.

PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.

MARGARELON, a bastard Son of Priam.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.

MENELAUS, his Brother.

ACHILLES, **AJAX**, **ULYSSES**, Nes- } Grecian Com-
tor, **DIOMEDES**, **PATROCLUS**, } manders.

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus.—Servant to Paris.—Servant to
Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.

CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene, Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes orgulous *, their high blood chafed,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage †: now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples,
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperr ‡ up the sons of Troy.
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt § and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
 Now, good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

* Proud, disdainful. † Freight. ‡ Shut.
 § Avaunt, what went before.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy.—Before Priam's Palace.

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet *, I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear † ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder ‡ than ignorance ;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the bolting ; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening : but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking ; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench § at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit ;

* A servant to a knight. † Habit. ‡ Weaker.
§ Shrink.

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she
thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than
ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive * in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm),
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker
than Helen's, (well, go to), there were no more
comparison between the women,—But, for my part,
she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it,
praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her
talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your
sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep—
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughmen! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as
she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she
be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-
thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone
between and between, but small thanks for my la-
bour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? What,
with me?

* Split.

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her; for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit Pandarus.—An Alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! Peace, rude sounds!

• Pools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument:

It is too starved a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies a pearl:

Between our Ilium, and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wide and wandering flood;

Ourselves, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum.—Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? Wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; this woman's answer sorts •,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;

Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

• Suits.]

Aene. Hark! What good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might, were may.*—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Aene. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same.—A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer:
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes this: There is among the
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se**,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts
of their particular additions†; he is as valiant as
the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the ele-
phant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded
humours, that his valour is crush'd‡ into folly, his
folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath
a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any
man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he
is melancholy without cause, and merry against the
hair§: he hath the joints of every thing; but every
thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus,
many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes
and no sight.

* By himself.

† Characters.

‡ Mingled

§ Grain.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? What's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan. Even so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? No, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend, or end: well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compass'd * window,—and, you know, he has not ~~past~~ three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter †?

Pan. But, to prove that Helen loves him;—She came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

* Bow. † Thief. E

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? Why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! Many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones*.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. That is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white*: *That white hair is my father*, and *all the rest are his sons*. *Jupiter!* quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?* *The forked one*, quoth he, *pluck it out, and give it him*. But, there was such laughing!

* A proverbial saying.

and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it passed *.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere † a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece, Cresida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; is not that a brave man? He's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod ‡?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! There's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

* Went beyond all bounds. † As if it were.

‡ A term in the game at cards called Noddy.

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: There be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? Any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris, look ye yonder, neice; is is not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? He's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—You shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? No;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! There's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—Look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm† more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris!—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

• Helmet.

Forces pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! Chaff and bran, chaff and bran! Porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? A drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? Have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date * in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! One knows not at what ward † you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches?

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' BOY.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.*

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

* Dates were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. † Guard.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she beloved knows naught, that knows not
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

Then though my heart's content firm, love doth
bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.—Before AGAMEMNON'S Tent.

Trumpets.—Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition, that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below,

Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain

Tortive and errant* from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,

That we come short of our suppose so far,

That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls
stand;

Sith† every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And that unbodied figure of the thought

* Twisted and rambling.

† Since.

That gave it surmised shape. Why then, you
 princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, naught
 else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affined * and kin:
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat †,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis ‡, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
 cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide
 In storms of fortune: for, in her ray and bright-
 ness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the prize §,
 Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing
 of courage

As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent turn'd in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.

* Joined by affinity.

† The throne.

‡ The daughter of Neptune.

§ The gad-fly that stings cattle.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.

Besides the applause and approbation

The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[*To Agamemnon.*

And thou most reverend for the stretch'd-out life,—

[*To Nestor.*

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree

On which heaven rides), knit all the Greekish ears

To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please both,—

Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
expect *,

That matter needless, of importless burden,

Divide thy lips; than we are confident,

When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,

We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule † hath been neglected:

And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand

Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

When that the general is not like the hive,

To whom the foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected ‡ Degree being vizarded ‡,

The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this

center,

Observe degree, priority, and place,

Insisture §, course, proportion, season, form,

Office, and custom, in all line of order:

And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,

In noble eminence enthroned and sphered

Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye

Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,

And posts, like the commandment of a king,

* Expectation.

† Rights of authority.

‡ Masked.

§ Constancy.

Sans * check, to good and bad : but, when the
 planets,
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents ? What mutiny ?
 What raging of the sea ? Shaking of earth ?
 Commotion in the winds ? Frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate †
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture ? O, when degree is shaken,
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprize is sick ! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods ‡ in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable § shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows ! Each thing meets
 In mere ¶ oppugnancy : the bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe :
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead :
 Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong,
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides),
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite ;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon.
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglect of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below ; he, by the next ;
 That next, by him beneath : so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation :
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

* Without.

† Force up by the roots.

‡ Corporations, companies.

§ Divided.

¶ Absolute.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power * is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,—

Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)

He pageants † us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless ‡ deputation he puts on;

And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich

To hear the wooden dialogue and sound

Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage, —
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested ¶ seeming

He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,

'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms un-
squared ¶,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,

The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;

Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—

Now play me Nestor;—Hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.

That's done;—as near as the extremest ends|

Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:

Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*

'Tis Nestor right! *Now play him me, Patroclus,*
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age

Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,

And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,

Shake in and out the rivet:—And at this sport,

Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus;—*

Or give me ribs of steel. I shall split all

In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

* Army, force.

† In modern language, *takes us off.*

‡ Supreme. § The galleries of the theatre.

¶ Beyond the truth. ¶ Unadapted.

VOL. IV. P P

Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. *[Trumpet sounds.]*

Agam. What trumpet? Look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
— them from eyes of other mortals!

Agam. How?

Aene. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Aene. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Aeneas*,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise disdains his worth;
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Aeneas*?

Aene. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Aene. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears naught privately, that comes
from Troy.

Aene. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Aene. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father.)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;

That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
 That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
 That loves his mistress more than in confession,
 (With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
 In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
 Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
 If any come, Hector shall honour him;
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord *Aeneas*;
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
 If then, one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd; he is old now;
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace * put this wither'd brawn;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aene. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord *Aeneas*, let me touch your hand;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, Sir,
 Achilles shall have word of this intent;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*]

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

* An armour for the arm.

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain*,
But that Achilles, were in brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And awake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,

It is most meet; whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling†
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes although small pricks‡
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice,
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,

* Difficulty.

† Size, measure.

‡ Small points compared with the volumes.

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet
For both our honour and our shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; what
are they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair : if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion * crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort † to fight with Hector : among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who boils in loud applause ; and make him fall,
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices : if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ‡ still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice ;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon ; go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other ; pride alone,
Must tarre § the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Estimation of character.

† Lot

‡ Character.

§ Provoke

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils?—full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? Were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then.

[Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toad's-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strik'st as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation.—

Ther. Thou grumblest and rail'st every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whorson can! *[Beating him.]*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax Thou stool for a witch

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego* may tutor thee: thou scurvy valiant ass! Thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use † to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his idiot! Do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? Wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites? What's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! His evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *plea mater* ‡ is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

* Ass, a cant term for a foolish fellow.

† Continue.

‡ The membrane that protects the brain.

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not be there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary*.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so!—A great deal of your wit too lies in you sinews, or else there be liars.—Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[Exit.

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,

* Voluntarily.

Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash; farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his mail.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Troy.—A Room in Priam's Palace.

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and
HELENUS.*

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;

Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-
sumed,

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—

Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks
than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet,

Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*

Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd

The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, amongst many thousand diames,

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,

To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,

Had it our name, the value of one ten;

What merits in that reason, which denies

The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,

So great as our dread father, in a scale

Of common ounces? Will you with counters sum

The past-proportion of his infinite?

• Tenths.

p 2

And buckle on your warlike harness, I will not
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons! *Fie!* for godly shame!

Hec. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at
reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father,
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother.
priest,

You far your gloves with reason. Here are your
reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;

You know, a sword employ'd is peritous;

And reason flies the object of all harm:

Who marvels then, when Hellens beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heels;

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,

Or like a star dis-orb'd:—Nay, if we talk of reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and ho-
nour

Should have hard hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect

Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hec. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hec. But value dwells not in particular will;

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself

As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry;

To make the service greater than the god;

And the will dotes, that is attributive

To what infectionally itself affects,

Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my will;

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

Of will and judgment; how may I avoid,

Although my will distaste what it elected,

• Caution.

The wife I chose : There can be no evasion
To blench* from this, and to stand firm by honour :
We turn not back, the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them ; nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve †,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails ;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service ; he touch'd the ports desired ;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her ? The Grecians keep our aunt :
Is she worth keeping ? Why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went ;
(As you must needs, for you all cried—Go, go,)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried—*Inestimable!*) Why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdoms mate ;
And do a deed that fortune never did ;
Beggard the estimation which you prized,
Richer than sea and land ? O theft most base ;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep !
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place !

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry !

Pri. What noise ? What shriek is this ?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister ; I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans !

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry ! Lend me ten thousand eyes,
Add I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours ! Let us pay betimes

* Shrink, or fly off.

† Basket.

A moiety of that mass of mean to come.
 Cry, Trojans, cry ! Practise your eyes with tears !
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand ;
 Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
 Cry, Trojans, cry ! A Helen, and a woe :
 Cry, cry ! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit
 Hec.] Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
 strains.

Of divination in our sister work
 Some touches of remorse ? Or is your blood
 So sadly hot, that no discourse of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same ?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
 We may not think the justness of each act
 Such and no other than event doth form it ;
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
 Because Cassandra's mad ; her brain-sick raptures
 Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
 Which hath our several honours all engaged
 To make it gracious †. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :
 And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
 Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain !

Par. Else might the world convince † of levity
 As well my undertakings, as your counsels :
 But I attest the gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
 What propugnation ‡ is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape

* Corrupt, change to a worse state.

† To set off.

‡ Conyict.

§ Defence.

Wiped off, in honourable keeping her.
 What reason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this,
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject; then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said
 well;

And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have gloz'd*,—but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
 The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners; now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? If this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection;
 And that great minds, of† partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws,
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd; thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
 My sprightly brethren, I propend‡ to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

* Commented.

† Through.

‡ Incline to, as a question of honour.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design.

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus,—
I have a roisting * challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertised, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation† in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.—Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? What, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'Would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*‡: if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this,

* Blustering. † Envy.

‡ The wand of Mercury, which is wreathed with serpents.

the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the care dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood* be thy direction till thy death! Then if she, that lays thee out, says—Thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars†. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? Wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in, to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles; then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

* Passions, natural propensities.

† Leprous persons.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! All the argument is, a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous * faction, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* † on the subject! And war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here. He shent ‡ our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments §, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; he is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride. But why, why? Let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[Takes Agamemnon aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

* Envious.

† Tetter, scab.

‡ Rebuked, rated.

§ Appendage of rank or dignity.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument*.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: but it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him. He hopes it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath†.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus:

We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,— Not virtuously on his own part beheld,— Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him: and you shall not sin, If you do say—we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend ‡ the savage strangeness§ he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite¶ in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish luness¶, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

* Subject.

† Exercise.

‡ Attend.

§ Shyness.

¶ Subscribe, obey.

~ Fits of Lunacy.

Not portable, lie under this report—
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance • give
 Before a sleeping giant :—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think, he thinks
 himself a better man than I am ?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—
 he is ?

Agam. No, noble Ajax ; you're as strong, as va-
 liant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and
 altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud ? How doth
 pride grow ? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your
 virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up him-
 self : pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
 own chronicle ; and whatever praises itself but in
 the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the en-
 gendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself : Is it not strange ?

[*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse ?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none ;
 But carries on the stream of his dispose,
 Without observance or respect of any,
 In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
 Untent his person, and share the air with us ?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sak
 only,

He makes important : possess'd he is with greatness
 And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
 That quarrels at self breath : imagined worth
 Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

• Approbation

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery*.

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam*;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride:
And add more coals to Cancer†, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him*.

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist, I'll pash ‡
him

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll phreeze § his
pride:

et me go to him,

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow,—

Nest. How he describes

himself!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

* Fat,

† The sign in the zodiac into which the sun enters
June 21.

‡ Strike. § Comb or curry.

Ulyss. The raven
Chides blackness.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

Agam. He'll be physician, that should be the
patient.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men
Were o' my mind,

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

[*Aside.*

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm; force him
with praises;

Pour in, pour in, his ambition is dry.

[*Aside.*

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[*To Agamemnon.*

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him
harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter † thus
with us;

I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-famed; beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplined thy arms to fight;

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition; yield

• Stuff.

† Titles.

† Trifle.

To sinewy Ajax. I'll not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn*, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
deep. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy.—A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a SERVANT.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: do not
you follow the young lord Paris.

Serv. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I
must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord
Pandaros.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[Music within.

Pan. Grace! Not so, friend; honour and lordship
are my titles:—What music is this?

* Stream, rivulet.

Serv. I do but partly know, Sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend?

Serv. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to 't, indeed, Sir: Marry, Sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, Sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths*.

Serv. Sudden business! There's a stew'd phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! Fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! Fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure; sweet queen. — Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance: — Nell, he is full of harmony!

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! Well, you say so in fits†.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen: — My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not edge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

*Boils.

† Parts of a song.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? Where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide*; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? No, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! What do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! No, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

* Wide of your mark.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! Ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good truth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! awhile, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my knell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—You know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[Exit.

[A Retreat sounded.

Par. They are come from the field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
 Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
 Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
 Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us-proud to be his servant,
 Paris,

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
 Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
 Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought, I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same.—Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a SERVANT, meeting.

Pan. How now? Where's thy master? At my
 cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, Sir; he stays for you to conduct him
 thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
 Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
 Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
 And give me strict transportance to those fields,
 Where I may wallow in the lily beds,
 Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
 And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her
 straight. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
 The imaginary relish is so sweet,
 That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
 When that the watery palate tastes indeed
 Love's thrice-reputed nectar? Death, I fear me;
 Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
 For the capacity of my ruder powers:
 I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
 you must be witty now. She does so blush, and

fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—She fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. *[Exit Pandarus.]*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom: My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? You must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills*.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light! An 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress†. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! Build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel‡, for all the ducks in the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

[Exit Pandarus.]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

Cres. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? What makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

* Shafts of a carriage.

† The allusion is to bowling; what is now called the jack was formerly termed the mistress.

‡ The tercel is the male, and the falcon the female hawk.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins ; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear : to fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear : in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither.

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings ; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers ; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined ; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform ; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters ?

Tro. Are there such ? Such are not we : praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove ; our heads shall go bare, till merit crown it : no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present : we will not name desert before his birth : and being born, his addition * shall be humble. Few words to fair faith : Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth ; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord ?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still ? Have you not done talking yet ?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that ; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me : be true to my lord : if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages ; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too ; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won : they are burs, I can tell you ; they'll stick where they are thrown.

* Titles.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it:—In faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother: see, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? Who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

For in this rapture, I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent. See, see your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel: stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;

'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:

I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—

For this time I will take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! An you take leave till to-morrow
morning,——

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. I would be gone:—

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that
speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord. I shew more craft
than love!

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;

Or else you love not; for to be wise, and love,†

Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
 (As, if it can, I will presume, in you,)
 To feed for aye * her lamp and flames of love;
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
 Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted † with the match and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
 How were I then uplifted! But, alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
 When right with right wars who shall be most
 right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare ‡,
 Want similes, truth tired with iteration,—
 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentic author to be cited,
 As true as Troilus shall crown up § the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old, and hath forgot itself,
 When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! When they have said—as
 false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll
 be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my
 cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another,

* Ever.

† Comparison.

‡ Met with and equalled.

§ Conclude it.

since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name: expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; séquest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in the way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? Make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor, Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear. Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore,) Desired my Cressid in right great exchange, Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor, I know, is such a wrest* in their affairs, That their negotiations all must slack, Wanting his manage; and they will almost

* An instrument for tuning harps, &c..

Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes hear him,
And bring us Cressid hither ; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange :
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge : Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent :—
Please it our general to pass strangely * by him,
As if he were forgot ;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :—
I will come last : 'tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd
on him :

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;—
So do each lora ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more against Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles ? Would he aught
with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? How do you ? [*Exit Menelaus.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

* Shyly.

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Erit Ajax.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;

To come as humbly, as they used to creep

To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;

And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour; but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another, and together

Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;

I'll interrupt his reading:—

How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted*,

How much in having, or without, or in,—

Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;

As when his virtues shining upon others

Heat them, and they retort that heat again

To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face,

The bearer knows not, but commends itself

* Excellently endowed.

VOL. IV.

T t

To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself
 (That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself.
 Not going from itself ; but eye to eye opposed,
 Salutes each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
 Where it may see itself : this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar ; but at the author's drift :
 Who, in his circumstance*, expressly proves—
 That no man is the lord of any thing,
 (Though in and of him there be much consisting)
 Till he communicate his parts to others :
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 Till he behold them form'd in the applause
 Where they are extended ; which, like an arch,
 reverberates

The voice again ; or, like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
 And apprehended here immediately
 The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there ! A very horse ;
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
 there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
 What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow,
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
 Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do !

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness !
 To see these Grecian lords !—Why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it : for they pass'd by me,
 As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me
 Good word, nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude ;
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are de-
 vour'd

* Detail of argument.

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done : Perséverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright : to have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue : if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost ;—
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on : then what they do in
 present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours :
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was ;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds*,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past ;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More land than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object :
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions † 'mongst the gods them-
 selves,
 And drave great Mars to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

* New-fashioned toys.

† The descent of the deities to combat on either side.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical ;
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters*.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold ;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps ;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the
 gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state ;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to :
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord ;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump ;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win ;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord : I as your lover † speak ;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles have I moved you :
A woman impudent and maunish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus :
Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honour
by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake ;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then beware ;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give them-
selves ;
Omission to do what is necessary

Polyxena.

† Friend.

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go, call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus;
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour saved!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking
for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector;
and is so prophetically proud of an heroical
cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,
a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an
hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to
set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic
regard, as who should say—there were wit in
this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it
lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will
not shew without knocking. The man's undone for
ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat,
he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows
not me: I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies,
Thanks, Agamemnon. What think you of this
man, that takes me for the general? He is grown
a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague
of opinion! A man may wear it on both sides, like
a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him,
Thersites

Ther. Who, I? Why, he'll answer nobody; he
professes not answering; speaking is for beggars;
he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his
presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you
shall see the pageant of Ajax,

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly
desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous
Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure
safe conduct for his person, of the magnani-

mons, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent;—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings* on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse, for that's the more capable† creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

Exit

* Lute-strings made of catgut

Inteligent.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy.—A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTHOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with Torches.

Par. See, ho! Who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all question* of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! Now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despitiful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I
know not.

* Conversation,

Par. His purpose meets you ; 'twas to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house ; and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid :
Let's have your company ; or, if you please,
Haste there before us : I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge),
My brother Troilus lodges there to night ;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore : I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you ;

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help ;

The bitter disposition of the time

Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all.

[*Exit.*]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed ; 'faith, tell me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus ?

Dio. Both alike :

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure),
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge ;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour),
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :
He, like a puling cackold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors :
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more ;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country : Hear me, Paris,
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*—*Court before the House of Pandarus.**Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.**Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!*Cres.* Good morrow, then.*Tro.* Pr'ythee now, to bed.*Cres.* Are you weary of me?*Tro.* O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald* crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.*Cres.* Night hath been too brief.*Tro.* Beshrew the which! with venomous wights
she stays,As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.*Cres.* Pr'ythee, tarry;—

You men will never tarry.—

Tro. O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! There's
one up.*Pan.* [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?*Tro.* It is your uncle.*Enter PANDARUS.**Cres.* A pestilence on him! Now will he be
mocking:

I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? How go maiden-
heads?—Here, you maid! Where's my cousin Cressid?*Cres.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking
uncle!

You bring me to do †, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? To do what?—Let her say
what: What have I brought you to do?

* Lewd, noisy.

† To do is here used in a wanton sense.

Cres. Come, come! Beshrew * your heart! You'll
ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! A poor cap
pocchia †!—Hast not slept to-night? Would he not
naughty man, let it sleep? A bugbear take him!

[Knocking]
Cres. Did I not tell you?—'Would he were
knock'd o' the head!—

Who's that at door? Good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such
thing.— [Knocking]

How earnestly they knock!—Pray you come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exeunt Troilus and Cressida]

Pan. [Going to the Door.] Who's there? What's
the matter? Will you beat down the door? How
now? What's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? My lord Æneas? By my
troth, I knew you not: What news with you so
early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! What should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'Tis more than I
know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in
late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—Nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are
'ware:

You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither:
Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROIILUS.

Tro. How now? What's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salu-
te you,

* Ill betide.

† An Italian word for poor fool.

My matter is so rash * : there is at hand
 Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
 The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
 Deliver'd to us ; and for him forthwith,
 Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
 We must give up to Diomedes' hand
 The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded ?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy :
 They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me !
 I will go meet them : and, my lord *Æneas*,
 We met by chance ; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord ; the secrets of nature
 Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.]

Pan. Is't possible ? No sooner got, but lost ! The
 devil take Antenor ! The young prince will go mad.
 A plague upon Antenor ! I would, they had broke
 his neck.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now ? What is the matter ? Who was
 here ?

Pan. Ah, ha !

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly ? Where's my
 lord gone ?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter ?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as
 I am above !

Cres. O the gods !—What's the matter ?

Pan. 'Pr'ythee, get thee in ; 'would thou hadst
 ne'er been born ! I knew thou wouldst be his
 death :—O poor gentleman !—A plague upon An-
 tenor !

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
 I beseech you, what's the matter ?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be
 gone ; thou art changed for Antenor : thou must to
 thy father, and be gone from Troilus ; 'twill be his
 death ; 'twill be his bane ; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods !—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle : I have forgot my father ;
 I know no touch † of consanguinity.

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
 As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine !

* Hasty. † Sense or feeling of relationship.

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my
praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my
heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The same.—Before Pandarus' House.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Come fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The same.—A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is—

— *O heart, o heavy heart,*

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?
where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoinder, forcibly prevents

Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:

We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did by each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,

Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,

With distinct breath and consign'd* kisses to them

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,

Distasted with the salt of broken † tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd; some say, the Genius so

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

* Sealed.

† Interrupted.

Pan. Where are my tears? Rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks!

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks! When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart.—

Cres. I true! How now? What wicked deem^{*} is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us:

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to death himself,

That there's no maculation† in thy heart:

But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in

My sequent‡ protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels, To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—Be true, again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;

The Grecian youths are full of quality§;

They're loving, well composed, with gifts of nature flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;

How novelty may move, and parts with person,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy,

(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)

Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt||, nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:

* Surmise.

† Spot.

‡ Following.

§ Highly accomplished.

|| Dance.

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted :

Cres. Do you think I will ?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss ; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus !

Tro. Good brother, come you hither ;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you :

Cres. My lord, will you be true ?

Tro. Who, I ? Alas, it is my vice, my fault :
Whilst others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and
DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed ! Here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you :
At the port †, lord, I'll give her to thy hand ;
And, by the way, possess ‡ thee what she is.
Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects :
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage ; and to Diomed

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her : I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge ;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

* Gate.

† Inform.

Dio. O, be not moved, prince Troilus :
Let me be privileged by my place and message,
To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust* : and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge : to her own worth
She shall be prized ; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—No.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand ; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*

[*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning !
The prince must think me tardy and remiss.
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault : come, come, to field with
him.

Del. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair-worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Grecian Camp.—Lists set out.

Enter AJAX armed ; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment † fresh and
fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe ;
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood ;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

* Pleasure, will.

† Preparation.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Chalcas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment.
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir:—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both make and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore, no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? Every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.

[*Diomed leads out Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive* of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue;
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other
Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall
be done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? Will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the fields?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, Sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know
this;—

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

* Motion.

And that which looks like pride, is courtesy.
 This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood :
 In love whereof, half Hector stays at home ;
 Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
 This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.
Achil. A maiden battle then ?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed :—Go, gentle knight,
 Stand by our Ajax : as you and lord Æneas
 Consent upon the order of their fight,
 So be it ; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath* : the combatants being kin,
 Half stints† their strife before their strokes begin.
[Ajax and Hector enter the Lists.]

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy ?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight ;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless‡ in his tongue ;
 Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon
 calm'd :

His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
 For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews ;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impair§ thought with breath :
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes ||
 To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindicative than jealous love :
 They call him Troilus ; and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
 Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth
 Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
 Did in great Ilion thus translate¶ him to me.

[Alarum.—Hector and Ajax fight.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st !

Awake thee !

Agam. His blows are well disposed :—There, Ajax !

Dio. You must no more. *[Trumpets cease.]*

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

* Breathing, exercise. † Stops. ‡ No boaster.

§ Unsuitable to his character.

|| Yields, gives way. ¶ Explain his character.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more :—
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed :
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
 That thou couldst say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojans ; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister †*
Bounds in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud : but the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrowest from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms :
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus :
 Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition ‡ earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus § so mirable
 (On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
 Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the
 sides,
 What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it ;
 The issue is embracement :—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
 (As seld || I have the chance,) I would desire
 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish : and great Achilles
 Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me :
 And signify this loving interview
 To the expecters of our Trojan part ;
 Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
 I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

* Right.

‡ Title.

§ Achilles.

† Left.

|| Seldom.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell my name by name ;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms ! As welcome as toone
That would be rid of such an enemy ;
But that's no welcome : understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion :
But, in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious * Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.
[To Troilus.]

Mem. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting :—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord ? By Mars his gauntlet,
thanks !

Mock not, that I affect the untraded † oath ;
Your *quondam* ‡ wife swears still by Venus' glove :
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir : she's a deadly
theme.

Hect. O, pardon ; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth : and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Persens, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits, and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air.
Not letting it decline on the declined § ;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling : this have I seen ;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire ¶,

* Imperial.

‡ Heretofore

† Singular, not common.

§ Fallen.

¶ Icomodon.

And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Ane. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in
contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet:
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all:
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted * joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on
thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

* Observed.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of
his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, there, or
there?

That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud
man,

To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate* in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee
well;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied† Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:—
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting‡ wars, since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my
tent;
There in the full convive§ we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall

* Forename. † Stithy is a smith's shop.
‡ Petty. § Feast.

Concur together, severally entreat him.—
 Beat loud the tabourines*, let the trumpets blow,
 That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
 In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
 There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
 Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
 But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
 On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so
 much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
 To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, Sir,
 As gentle tell me, of what honour was
 This Cressida, in Troy? Had she no lover there
 That waits her absence?

Tro. O, Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
 A mock is duel. Will you walk on, my lord?
 She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
 But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Grecian Camp.—Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-
 night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
 Thou cfusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
 and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for
 thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

* Small drums.

Patr. Well said, Adversity*! And what need these tricks?

Ther. Prythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! What's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivall'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! Why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive† silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite from my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fail, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banqueting must all be spent,—

Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails‡; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial,

* Contrariety.

† Coarse, unwrought.

‡ Harlots

of cuckolds* ; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced† with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew‡, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites: for I care not to be the louse of a lazarus§, so I were not Menelaus,—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, with *Lights*.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So! now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught||: Sweet, quoth 'a! Sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt* Agam. and Men.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot lord; I have important business. The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

* Menelaus. † Stuffed.

§ A diseased beggar.

‡ Polecat.

|| Privy.

Ulyss. Follow his touch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to Troilus.*

Tro. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit Diomed; Ulysses and Troilus following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue,
a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him
when he leers, than I will a serpent when he
hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like
Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astro-
nomers foretell it; it is prodigious †, there will come
some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when
Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see
Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a
Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent; I'll
after. Nothing but lechery! All incontinent varlets!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same.—Before CHALCHAS' Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your
daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a Distance; after
them THERSITES.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not disco-
ver us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word
with you. [Whispers.

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take
her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember, yes.

• Portentous, ominous.

† Key.

Dio. Nay, but do then ;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember ?

Ulyss. List !

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery !

Dio. Nay then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what :—

Dio. Pho ! pho ! Come, tell a pin : you are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot : What would you have me do ?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly—open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me ?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath ;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience !

Ulyss. How now, Trojan !

Cres. Diomed,—

[more.]

Dio. No, no, good night : I'll be your fool no

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark ! One word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness !

Ulyss. You are moved, prince ; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ;
The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you !

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off :

You flow to great destruction ; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience ; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and all hell's
torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord ?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian !—Why, Greek !

Dio. Pho, pho! Adieu; you palter*.

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word: There is between my will and all offences A guard of patience:—Stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one.

[Exit.]

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition † Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—

He loved me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.

Dio. Who was't?

Cres. No matter, now I have 't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge! Thy master how lies thinking in his bed Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove, And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me, He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

* Shuffle.

† Knowledge.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed ; 'faith you shall not ;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this ; whose was it ?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder *,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm ;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy
horn,
It should be challenged.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past ;—and yet
it is not ;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell ;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go :—One cannot speak a
word,

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto : but that that likes not
you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come ? The hour ?

Cres. Ay, come :—O Jove !—

Do come :—I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee come.—

[*Exit Diomedes.*]

Troilus, farewell ! One eye yet looks on thee ;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.—

Ah ! poor our sex ! This fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind :
What error leads, must err ; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit Cressida.*]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish
more,
Unless she said, my mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord. -

Tro. It is.

• The stars.

Ulyss. Why stay we then ?

Tro. To make a recordation * to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth ?
Sith † yet there is a credence ‡ in my heart,
An esperance § so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest || of eyes and ears ;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation ¶ hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord : Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood !
Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics **—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil
our mothers ?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes ?

Tro. This she ? No, this is Diomed's Cressida :
If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself !
Bi-fold authority ! Where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason—
Without revolt ; this is, and is not, Cressid !
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;

* Remembrance.	† Since..	‡ Belief.
§ Hope.	Testimony.	¶ Denial.
** For the sake of.	†† Cynics.	

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven :
Instance, O instance ! Strong as heaven itself ;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and
loosed ;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express ?

Tro. Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus : never did young man fancy *
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek ;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much 'by weight hate I her Diomed :
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm ;
Were it a casque † composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it : not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringed ‡ in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy §.

Tro. O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! False, false,
false !

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself ;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour my lord,
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy ;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince :—My courteous
lord, adieu :—

Farewell, revolted fair !—And, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head !

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exit Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*]

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed !
I would croak like a raven, I would bode, I would
bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the

* Love.

† Helmet.

‡ Compressed.

§ Concupiscence.

intelligence of this whore : the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery ; still, wars and lechery ; nothing else holds fashion : A burning devil take them ! [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Troy.—Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment ?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you ; get you in : By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector ?

And. Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent : Consort with me in loud and dear petition, Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dream'd Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho ! Bid my trumpet sound !

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say : the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ; They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O ! be persuaded : do not count it holy To hurt by being just : it is as lawful, For we would give much, to use violent thefts, And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow ;

But vows, to every purpose, must not hold : Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say ; Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :

• Foolish.

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear * than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How, now, young man? Mean'st thou to fight
to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.[†]

[Exit Cassandra]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff † thy hardness, youth,

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry;
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that; good Troilus? Chide me
for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? How now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful ‡ work, rein them from ruth §.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,

* Valuable.

† Rueful, woeful.

‡ Put off.

§ Mercy.

Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee;
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dream'd ; thy mother hath had
visions ;

Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous
Therefore, come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a-field ;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest ! Look, how thy eye turns pale !
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark, how Troy roars ! How Hecuba cries out !
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth !
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

Tro. Away !—Away !—

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft :—Hector, I take my
leave :

Thou' dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim :
Go in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and fight ;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell : the gods with safety stand about
thee ! [*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector.*]
Alarums.

Tro. They are at it ; hark ! Proud Diomed, be-
lieve,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? Do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [Tearing the Letter.

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds,

[Exeunt severally

SCENE IV.—Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions.—Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villian, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t' other.

Enter DIONEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire :
I do not fly ; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :
Have at thee !

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian !—Now for thy
whore, Trojan !—Now the sleeve, now the sleeve !
[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek ? Art thou for Hector's
match ?
Art thou of blood, and honour ?

Ther. No, no : I am a rascal ; a scurvy railing
knave ; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee ;—Live. [Exit.

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me ;
But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me !
What's become of the wenching rogues ? I think,
they have swallow'd one another : I would laugh
at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself.
I'll seek them. [Exit.

SCENE V.—The same.

Enter DIOMEDES, and a SERVANT.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilu's horse ;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid :
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty ;
Tell her, I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [Exit Servant.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner ;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam * ,
Upon the pashed † corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius : Polixenes is slain ;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt ;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain ; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised : the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers ; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

* Lance.

† Bruised, crushed.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles ;
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field :
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work ; anon, he's there, afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls †
Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and
takes ;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
That proof is called impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes ! Great
Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come
to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution ;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajar. Troilus ! Thou coward Troilus !

[*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector ?
Come, come, thou boy-queller ‡, shew thy face ;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector ! Where's Hector ? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

• Shoal of fish.

† Killer.

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.**Enter AJAX.*

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus I say! Where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office,

Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! What, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—Turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon*.

Tro. Come both, you cogging† Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus! O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry† him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck § not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

* Not to be a looker on
† Prevail over.

† Lying.
§ Care,

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—

No? Wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush* it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—The same.

Enter ACHILLES, with MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute † your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—The same.

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are
at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! Now
my double-henn'd sparrow! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! The
bull has the game:—'Ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am
a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind,
bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One
bear will not bite another, and wherefore should
one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most opin-
ious to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore,
he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

* Burst. † Employ.

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Field.**Enter HECTOR.*

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

*[Puts off his Helmet, and hangs his Shield
behind him.]*

Enter ACHILLES and MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Look, Hector, now the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this 'vantage*, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I
seek. *[Hector falls.]*

So, 'Ilion, fall thou next! Now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A Retreat sounded.]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth,

And, stickler-like †, the armies separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly ‡ would have
fed,

Pleased with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[Sheaths his Sword.]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE X.—*The same.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and others, marching.—Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! What shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[Within.] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit † is,—Hector's slain, and by
Achilles.

* Take not this advantage

† An arbitrator at athletic games.

‡ Fattening.

§ Rumour.

Agur. If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along :—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death, the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[Exeunt marching.]

SCENE XI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter ÆNEAS, and TROJANS.

Æne. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the field ;
Never go home ; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector ?—The gods forbid !

Tro. He's dead ; and at the murderer's horse's
tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
field.—

Brown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed !

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy !

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on !

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so :

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death ;

But dare all imminence, that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone !

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?

Let him, that will a screech-owl eye * be call'd,

Go into Troy, and say there—Hector's dead :

There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away ;

Hector is dead, there is no more to say.

Stay yet ;—You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight † upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you !—And thou, great-
sized coward !

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—

* Ever.

† Pitched, fixed.

Strike a free march to Troy! With comfort go:
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas, and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
 PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy * and shame
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

Exit Troilus.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!
 —O world! world! world! thus is the poor
 agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earn-
 estly are you set a' work, and how ill requited!
 Why should our endeavour be so loved, and the
 performance so loathed? What verse for it? What
 instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
 And being once subdued in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
 cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
 Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
 It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss;
 Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
 And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

* Canvas hangings for rooms, painted with em-
 blemis and mottoes.

Agur. If it be so
Great Hector was

Agam. March

To pray Achil

If in his dea

Great Troy

N.

[TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.]—This play is more cor-
rectly written than most of Shakspeare's composi-
tions, but it is not one of those in which either the
extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is
fully displayed. As the story abounded with ma-
terials, he has exerted little invention; but he has
diversified his characters with great variety. His
vicious characters disgust, but cannot corrupt, for
both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and con-
temned. The comic characters seem to have been
the favourites of the writer: they are of superficial
kind, and exhibit more of manners, than nature;
but they are copiously filled, and powerfully im-
pressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for
the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which
was then very popular; but the character of Ther-
sites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that
this play was written after Chapman had pub-
lished his version of Homer.

JOHNSON.

CORIO LANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman
TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the Volscians.
COMINIUS, }

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }

YOUNG MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.

GENTLEWOMAN, attending Virgilia.

**Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants
to Aufidius, and other Attendants.**

Scene, partly in Rome ; and partly in the Terri-
tories of the Volscians and Antiates.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.—A Street.

Enter a Company of mutinous CITIZENS, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: Away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: what authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes†: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

* Rich.

† Thin as rakes.

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him; you must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? To the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here? *

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?
Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment: for the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it, and

Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fa-
thers,

When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er
cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their
store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for
usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any whole-
some act establish'd against the rich; and provide
more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain
the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will;
and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't* a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, Sir; yet you must not
think to sob off our disgrace† with a tale: but an't
please you deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's
members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where‡ the other in-
struments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly§
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

* Spread it.

† Whereas.

‡ Hardship.

§ Exactly.

VOL. IV.

B b b

The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—What then? What then?

1 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,)
Patience, awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: but if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And through the cranks * and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly), mark
me,—*

1 Cit. Ay, Sir; well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1 Cit. It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things
rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?

Windings.

1 Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one of the lowest, basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost;
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first to win some 'vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.—Hall, noble Mar-
cius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissen-
tious rogues,

That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you
curs,

That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-
ness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the
matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof,
they say,

The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,

Who thrives, and who declines : side factions, and
give out

Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
enough ;

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth *,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry †
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick ‡ my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded ;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
you,

What says the other troop ?

Mar. They are dissolved : Hang 'em !

They said, they were an-hungry : sigh'd forth pro-
verbs ;—

That, hunger broke stone walls ; that dogs must
eat ;

That meat was made for mouths : that the gods sent
not

Corn for the rich men only :—With these shreds
They vented their complainings ; which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity.

And make bold power look pale,) they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation §.

Men. What is granted them ?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wis-
doms,

Of their own choice : one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'S death !

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing ¶.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius ?

* Pity, compassion. † Heap of dead. ‡ Pitch.
§ Faction. ¶ For insurgents to debate upon.

Mar. Here : What's the matter ?

Mess. The news is, Sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't ; then we shall have means to vent

Our musty superfluity :—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other SENATORS ; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility ;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face :
What, art thou stiff ? Stand'st out ?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius ;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred !

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol ; where, I
know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on :—

Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;
Right worthy you priority *.

Com. Noble Lartius !

1 Sen. Hence ! To your homes, begone.

[To the Citizens.]

Mar. Nay, let them follow :
The Volces have much corn ; take these rats-thither,
To gnaw their garners † :—Worshipful mutineers,

* Right worthy of precedence.

† Granaries.

Your valour puts * well forth : pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, Com. Mar. Tit. and Menen. Citizens steal away.*]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird † the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars-devour him : he is grown Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon ; but I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well graced,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure,
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he
Had borne the business!*

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits ‡ rob Cominius.

Bru. Come ;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Corioli.—The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain SENATORS.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,

* Shews itself.

† Sneer.

‡ Demerits and merits had anciently the same meaning.

That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention *? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
*They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.*

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the
hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in † many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that; -
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

* Pre-occupation.

† To subdue.

SCENE III.—Rome.—An Apartment in MARCIUS' House.

Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: they sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way*; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? How then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a GENTLEWOMAN.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire† myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow

* Attracted attention.

† Withdraw.

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes ;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow :
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vtr. His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

Vol. Away, you fool ! It more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy : the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vtr. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter GENTLEWOMAN, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vtr. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both ? You are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here ? A fine spot *, in good faith.—How does your little son ?

Vtr. I thank your ladyship ; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son : I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together : he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly ; and when he caught it, he let it go again ; and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and up again ; catch'd it again : or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it ; O, I warrant, how he mam-mock'd † it !

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vtr. A crack ‡, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery ; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vtr. No, good madam ; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors !

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vtr. Indeed, no, by your patience : I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

* Of work.

† Tore.

‡ Boy.

VOL. IV.

G e e

Val. Pie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths.—Come; I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers.—To them a MESSENGER.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

• Short.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie the armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded* friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley.—Enter, on the Walls, some SENATORS, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

I Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Alarums afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth; we'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[Other Alarums.]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes,

Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The VOLCES enter, and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,

* In the field of battle.

Which makes me sweat with wrath,—Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarm, and exeunt ROMANS and VOLCES, fighting.
The ROMANS are beaten back to their Trenches.
Re-enter MARCIUS.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! You herd of—Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen; and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From staves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches follow'd.

*Another Alarm.—The VOLCES and ROMANS re-enter,
and the Fight is renewed.—The VOLCES retire into
CORIOLI, and MARCIUS follows them to the Gates.*

So, now the gates are open:—Now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the sliers: mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the Gates, and is shut in.]

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol. See, they

Have shut him in.

[Alarm continues.]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Martins?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the sliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible*, outdares his senseless sword,*

* Having sensation, feeling.

And, when it bows^a, stands up. Thou art left,
 Marcus :

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to Cato's wish : not fierce and terrible
 Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks, and
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.

Lart. 'Tis Marcus :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the City.]

SCENE V.—Within the Town.—A Street.

Enter certain ROMANS, with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't ! I took this for silver.

[Alarm continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachm † ! Cushions, leaden spoons,
 Irons of a dojt, doublets that hangmen would
 Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
 Ere yet the fight be done, pack up :—Down with
 them,—

And hark, what noise the general makes !—To him :—
 There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
 Piercing our Romans : then, valiant Titus, take
 Convenient numbers to make good the city ;
 Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
 To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st ;
 Thy exercise hath been too violent for
 A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not :
 My work hath yet not warm'd me : Fare you well.
 The blood I drop is rather physical
 Than dangerous to me : To Aufidius thus
 I will appear, and fight.

• When it is bent, † A Roman coin.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit Marcius.*
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS, and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe yon, my friends; well fought; we
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, Sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-
tering.

Enter a MESSENGER.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't
since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
drums:

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Voices
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were slay'd? O gods!

• *Expend.*

He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mur. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late.

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own,

Mar. O! let me clip you

In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevailed you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did.
Retire, to win our purpose,

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which
side
They have placed their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands in the vaward* are the Antiates†,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,

* Front.

† Soldiers of Antium.

By the blood we have shed together, by the
vows

We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :
And that you not delay the present* ; but,
Filling the air with swords advanced, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking ; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. These are they
That most are willing :—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report ;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself ;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*Waving his Hand.*] to express his dis-
position,

And follow Marcius.

*{They all shout, and wave their Swords ;
take him up in their Arms, and cast up
their Caps.}*

O me, alone ! Make you a sword of me ?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces ? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select : the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows :
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Ereunt.*]

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

*ITUS LARTIUS, having set a Guard upon CORIOLI,
going with a Drum and Trumpet toward COMI-
NIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a LARTE-
NANT, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports† be guarded : keep your
duties,

* Present time.

— † Gates.

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries* to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieut. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE VIII.—A Field of Battle between the
Roman and the Volcian Camps.**

Alarum.—Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate
thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger† die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Ha'loo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip‡ of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Voices come to the
aid of Aufidius.*]

Officious, and not valiant—you have shamed me
In your condemn'd seconds§.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.*]

SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

Alarum.—A Retreat is sounded.—*Flourish.*—Enter
at one side, COMINIUS, and ROMANS; at the other
side, MARCIUS, with his Arm in a Scarf, and other
ROMANS.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
work,

* Companies of a hundred men.

† Stirrer.

‡ Boast, crack.

§ In sending such help.

VOL. IV.

D d d

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it,
 Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
 Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
 I' the end, admire ; where ladies shall be frightened,
 And, gladly quaked *, hear more ; where the dull
 Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
 Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,
 Our Rome hath such a soldier !—*

Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,
 Having fully dined before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power †, from the
 pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
 Here is the steed, we the caparison :
 Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more : my mother,
 Who has a charter ‡ to extol her blood,
 When she does praise me, grieves me. I have
 done,

As you have done ; that's what I can ; induced
 As you have been ; that's for my country :
 He, that has but effected his good will,
 Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
 The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know
 The value of her own : 'twere a concealment
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
 To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
 Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
 Would seem but modest : therefore. I beseech you,
 (In sign of what you are, not to reward
 What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
 smart
 To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
 Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
 And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
 (Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all
 The treasure, in this field achieved, and city,
 We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,
 Before the common distribution, at
 Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general ;
 But cannot make my heart consent to take

* Thrown into grateful trepidation.

† Forces.

‡ Privilege.

A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish.—They all cry, Marcius! Marcius! cast up their Caps and Lances ; Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,
Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets
shall

If the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing : when steel
grows

Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars ! No more, I say ;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile* wretch,—which, without
note,

Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical ;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you ;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly : by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper† harm), in manacles,

Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—

Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish.—Trumpets sound, and Drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no : howbeit, I thank you :—
I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
To undercrest‡ your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

* Weak, feeble.

† Own.

‡ Add more by doing his best.

Com. So, to our tent :

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
The best *, with whom we may articulate †,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it : 'tis yours.—What is 't ?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house ; he used me kindly :
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcias, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot :—

I am weary ; yea, my memory is tired.—

Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent :

The blood upon your visage dries : 'tis time

It should be look'd to : come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volces.

*A Flourish.—Cornets.—Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with Two or Three SOLDIERS.*

Auf. The town is ta'en !

1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition ?—

I would, I were a Roman ; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition !
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcias,
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat
me ;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his : mine emulation

* Chief men.

† Enter into articles.]

Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where *
I thought to crush him in an equal force
(True sword to sword), I'll potch † at him some
way ;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle : my valour's
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him ; for him
Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep, nor sanctuary,

Being naked, sick : nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,

Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst

My hate to Marcias ; where I find him, were it

At home, upon my brother's guard ‡, even there

Against the hospitable canon, would I

Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the
city ;

Learn, how 'tis held ; and what they are, that
must

Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended || at the cypress grove :

I pray you,

('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither

How the world goes ; that to the pace of it

I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.* I shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome.—A public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news
to night.

Brus. Good, or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marcias.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love ?

Sic. The lamb:

Men. Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians
would the noble Marcias.

* Whereas.

† Poke, push.

‡ My brother posted to protect him.

|| Waited for.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, Sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us of the right hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now.—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes* of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias, fools), as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber† in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: meeting two such weals‡-men as you are (I cannot call

* Back. † Water of the Tyber. ‡ Statues.

you Lycarguses) if the drink you gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm*, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson† conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs‡; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholic you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves: you are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Bru. and Sic. retire to the back of the Scene.*]

* Whole man.

† Blind.

‡ Obeisance.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricotic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? He was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli. and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed* of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

* Fully informed.

Men. Wondrous ! Ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true !

Vol. True ! Pow, wow.

Men. True ? I'll be sworn they are true :—Where is he wounded ?—God save your good worships !
[*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home ; he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded ?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm : There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave : [*A Shout and Flourish.*] Hark ! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius : before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears ; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie ; Which being advanced, declines ; and then men die.

A Sennet.—Trumpets sound.—Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS ; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken Garland : with CAPTAINS, SOLDIERS, and a HERALD.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli's gates : where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus :

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

[*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart ;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother,—

Cor. O !

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up ;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,

* Flourish on cornets.

VOL. IV.

E e e

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious * silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.
[*To Valeria.*

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome
home;

And welcome, general;—And you are welcome
all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could
weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: welcome:

A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of
men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home, that
will not

Begrafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:

[*To his Wife and Mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish.—Cornets.—Exeunt in state as
before.—The Tribunes remain.*

* Graceful.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
 Are spectacl'd to see him : your prattling nurse
 Into a rapture * lets her baby cry,
 While she chats him : the kitchen malkin † pins
 Her richest lockram ‡ 'bout her reechy § neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks,
 windows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed,
 With variable complexions ; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him : seld ¶ shewn flammens ¶
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station **: our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely-gawd'd †† cheeks, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him
 Were silly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
 During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
 From where he should begin, and end ; but will
 Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not the commoners, for whom we
 stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
 Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours ;
 Which that he'll give them, make as little question
 As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for consul, never would he
 Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
 The napless †† vesture of humility ;
 Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
 To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word : O, he would miss it, rather
 Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
 And the desire of the nobles.

* Fit.

† Maid.

‡ Best linen.

§ Soiled with sweat and smoke.

¶ Seldom.

¶ Priests.

** Common standing-place.

†† Adorn'd.

‡‡ Thread-bare.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest* the people in what hatred
He still hath held them ; that, to his power, he
would
Have made them mutes, silenced their pleaders
and
Dispropertied their freedoms ; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
(Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war ; who have their provand †
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't ; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep), will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Bru. What's the matter ?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
thought,
That Marcius shall be consul : I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak : the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts :
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol ;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same.—The Capitol.

Enter two OFFICERS, to lay Cushions.

1 Off. Come, come, they are almost here : How
many stand for consulships ?

* Inform.

† Provender.

2 Off. Three, they say : but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow ; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 Off. 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them ; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore : so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground : therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he wou'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite *. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country : and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted †, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 Off. No more of him ; he is a worthy man : Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet.—Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS, the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other SENATORS, SICINIUS and BRUTUS.—The SENATORS take their places ; the TRIBUNES take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determined of the Volces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that

* Adversary.

† Took off Caps.

Hath thus stood for his country : therefore, please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

I Sen. Speak, good Cominius :
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we do stretch it out. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears ; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That's off, that's off*,
I would you rather had been silent : Please you
To hear Cominius speak ?

Bru. Most willingly :
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*]

I Sen. Sit, Coriolanus : never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon ;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, Sir : yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : but, your
people,
I love them as they weigh.

* Nothing to the purpose.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head
i' the sun,

When the alarum were struck*, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit Coriolanus.*]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one), when you now
see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver†: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head from Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin‡ he drove
The bristled § lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-pressed Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene||,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed ¶
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd** all swords o' the garland. For this
last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion††
Was timed‡‡ with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck

* Summons to battle.

† Possessor.

‡ Without a beard.

§ Bearded.

|| Smooth-faced enough to act a woman's part.

¶ Reward. ** Won. †† Stroke. ‡‡ Followed.

Corioli, like a planet : now all's his ;
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense ; then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quickened what in flesh was fatigate *,
 And to the battle came he : where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man !

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at ;
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o' the world : he covets less
 Than misery † itself would give ; rewards
 His deeds with doing them ; and is content ;
 To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble ;
 Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call for Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
 To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
 My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
 That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
 Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot
 Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
 For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please
 you,
 That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
 Must have their voices ; neither will they bate
 One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't :—
 Pray you, go fit you to the custom ; and
 Take to you, as your predecessors have,
 Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
 That I shall blush in acting, and might well
 Be taken from the people.

* Wearied.

† Avarice.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them.—Thus I did, and thus;—
Shew them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire,
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish.*—*Then exeunt Senators.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He that will
require them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them

Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The same.—The Forum.

Enter several CITIZENS.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but
it is a power that we have no power to do: for if
he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we
are to put our tongues into those wounds, and
speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds,
we must also tell him; our noble acceptance of
them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the mul-
titude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of
the multitude; of the which, we being members,
should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a lit-
tle help will serve: for once, when we stood up
about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the
many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that
our heads are some brown, some black, some au-
burn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversly
colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to
issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west,
north, south; and their consent of one direct way
should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge,
my wit would fly?

VOL. IV.

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3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake; to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[Exeunt.]

Men. O Sir, you are not right: Have you not known

The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, Sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace:—Look, Sir;—my wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: pray you, speak to them, I pray you,

In wholesome manner.

[Exit.]

Enter two CITIZENS.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,

And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.

You know the cause, Sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! Not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir:

'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, Sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice,
Sir;

What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.
[*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

Enter two other CITIZENS.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here
the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country,
and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies,
you have been a rod to her friends; you have not,
indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous,
that I have not been common in my love. I will,
Sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a
dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they
account gentle: and since the wisdom of their
choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I
will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them

most counterfeitly ; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend ; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, Sir, heartily !
[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices !—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve. !
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouchers ! Custom calls me to't :—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to overpeer *.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through ;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other CITIZENS.

Here come more voices,—

Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;
Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of ; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more : your
voices :

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul : the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people !

All. Amen, Amen.—

God save thee, noble consul ! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices !

* Over-look.

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice; remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? At the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter CITIZENS.

Sic. How now, my masters? Have you chose this
man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your
loves.

2 Cit. Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not
mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us save yourself, but says,
He used us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

1 Cit. No; no man saw 'em. *[Several speak.]*

3 Cit. He said, he had wounds; which he could
shew in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom,*
But by your voices, will not so permit me;

*Your voices therefore : When we granted that,
Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank
you,—*

*Your most sweet voices :—Now you have left your
voices,*

*I have no further with you :—Was not this
mockery ?*

Sic. Why, either, you were ignorant to see't ?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices ?

Br. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy ; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal : and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii *, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves ? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit,
And tried his inclination ; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Br. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves ; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your
bodies

No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker ? And, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues ?

* Plebeians, common people.

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him :

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Br. Get you hence instantly ; and tell those friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take

Their liberties ; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ;

And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election : enforce * his pride,
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;
How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance †,
Which gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Br. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections : and that, your minds
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul : lay the fault on us.

Br. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued : and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians ; from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly named so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend

* Object.

† Carriage.

To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling * his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still), but by our putting on † ;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so : almost all [*Several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on ;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage ‡ of his anger.

Cit. To the Capitol :
Come ; we'll be there before the stream o' the
people ;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded § onward, [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

'SCENE I.—*The same.—A Street.*

Cornets.—*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, SENATORS, and PATRICIANS.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head ?

Lart. He had, my lord ; and that it was, which
caused

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first ;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius ?

Lart. On safe-guard ¶ he came to me ; and did
curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town : he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me ?

Lart. He did, my lord.

* Weighing. † Incitation. ‡ Advantage.
§ Driven. ¶ With a guard.

Cor. How? What?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:

That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To Lartius.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes o' the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth, I do despise
them;

For they do prank* them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! What is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com.] Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the
commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Hays, I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the mar-
ket-place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—

Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

* Plume, deck.

To your remembrances : but y^e
Scaling * his present bearing
That he's your fixed enemy
Your sudden approbation

Bru. Say, you ne'er
(Harp on that still), by
And presently, when

ber,
Repair to the Cap^t

Cit. We will
Repent in their

Bru. Let the

This mutiny

Than stay, R

If, as his na

With their

The vapt

Cit. To

Come ;

And f

Whi

er be so noble as a consul,

oke with him for tribune.

n. Let's be calm.

m. The people are abused :—Set on.—This pal-

t'ring *

comes not Rome ; nor has Coriolanus

deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely †

† the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn !

This was my speech, and I will speak't agian ;—

Men. Not now, not now.

I Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,

I crave their pardons :—

For the mutable, rank-scented many ‡, let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves : I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and

scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number ;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

* Shuffling.

† Treacherously.

‡ Populace.

since ?

sh business.

ould I be consul ? By you

ill as you, and make me

ane.

too much of that,

e people stir : if you will pass

are bound, you must inquire you

are out of, with a gentler spirit ;

be so noble as a consul,

Let's be calm.

The people are abused :—Set on.—This pal-

t'ring *

comes not Rome ; nor has Coriolanus

deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely †

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scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number ;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

* Shuffling.

† Treacherously.

‡ Populace.

Men. Well, no more.

I Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! No more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels*
Which we disdain should tetter† us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? His choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows‡? Mark
you
His absolute shall?

Com. 'Twas from the canon§.

Cor. Shall!

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless|| senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory shall, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not
spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
His popular shall, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,

* Lepers.

† Scab.

‡ Small fish.

§ According to law.

¶ Careless.

To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
power),

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the
corn

Was not our recompense; resting well assured
They ne'er did service for't: being press'd to the
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread* the gates: this kind of
service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: the accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native†
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;
We are the greater poll‡, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.*—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break
ope

The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,

* Pass through.

† Motive, no doubt, was Shakspeare's word.

‡ Number,

Sen. what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other,
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wis-
dom,

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while †
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech
you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt * the change of 't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump † a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! Despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tri-
bunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? No.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Brutus.*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged Sir, hands off.

* Fear.

† Risk.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, with the ÆDILES, and a Rabble of CITIZENS.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles,

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[Several speak.]

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[They all bustle about Coriolanus.]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—What, ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak,
speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruins.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him ;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian *, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word,
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's
friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would ;
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent :—Lay hands upon
him,

And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No ; I'll die here. [*Drawing his Sword.*]
There's some among you have beheld me fighting ;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword ;—Tribunes, with-
draw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius ! Help,
You that be noble ; help him, young, and old !

Cit. Down with him, down with him !

[*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the People, are all beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house ; be gone away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast ;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that ?

1 Sen. The gods forbid !

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house ;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself : Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd), not Romans (as they are
not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol),—

* From whence criminals were thrown, and
dashed to pieces.

Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag* return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and overbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Cor. Com. and others.*]

1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A Noise within.
Here's goodly work!

2 Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

* The lowest of the populace; tag, rag, and bob-tail

1 Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't*.

Men. Sir,—

[Several speak together.

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock †, where you should but
hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue ‡

Men. Hear me speak:—

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—What consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two:
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved ‡ children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death †
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country.
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

* Be sure on't.

† The signal for slaughter.

‡ Deserving.

VOL. IV.

H h h

Sic. This is clean kam*.

Bru. Merely† awry: when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness‡, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;

Lest parties (as he is beloved) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote? Ourselves resisted?—Come:—

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulded|| language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

I Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend
you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me desire your company. {To the Senators.}
He must come.

*Quite awry.

§ Inconsiderate haste.

† Absolutely.

|| Finely sifted.

Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and PATRICIANS.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse*, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance† stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;

[*To Volumnia.*]

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, Sir, Sir, Sir,

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you
are,

With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were disposed
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and SENATORS.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough;

You must return, and mend it.

1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;

* Wonder.

† Rank.

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsel'd :

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman :

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,

What then ? What then ?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them ?—I cannot do it to the gods ;
Must I then do't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute ;

Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you
say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together : grant that, and tell
me,

In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush !

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy), how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war ; since that to both
It stands in like request ?

Cor. Why force * you this ?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people ; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,
But with such words that are but rotes in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in † a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and

* Urge.

† Subdue.

The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, required,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather shew our general lowts*
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them),
Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears), waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,

Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were
yours:

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,

Go, and be ruled: although, I know, thou hadst
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, Sir,
'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

* Common clowns.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—

Pr'ythee now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sponce* ?

Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to those,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-
place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast
said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part,
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent† in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from
me;

But owe‡ thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,

* Unshaven head.

† Dwell.

‡ Own.

Cog their hearts from them, and come home be
loved

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul ;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, farther.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you : arm
yourself

To answer mildly ; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly :—Pray you, let us go :
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then ; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The same.—The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Br. In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannical power : if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy* to the people ;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an ÆDILE.

What, will he come ?

Æd. He's coming.

Br. How accompanied ?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,
Set down by the poll ?

Æd. I have ; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes ?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither :
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so—*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine* ; if death, cry *death* ;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

* Object his hatred.

Ædi. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Ædi. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,

When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be reign'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SENATORS, and PATRICIANS.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave* by the volume.—The honour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! Plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter ÆDILE, with CITIZENS.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Ædi. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Trib. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?

* Will bear being called a knave.

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content :
The warlike service he has done, consider ;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier : do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy * you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to
take

From Rome all season'd † office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! Traitor ?

Men. Nay ; temperately : your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor ?—Thou injurious tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd ‡ as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

Cit. To the rock with him ; to the rock with him !

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome,—

* Injure. † Of long standing. ‡ Grasped.
VOL. IV. I i i

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,

I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond^{*} exile, flaying; pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good-morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied^{*} against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not[†] in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cl. It shall be so,

It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And so it shall be.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends;—

Sic. He's sentenced: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can shew from † Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate[§], her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,

* Shewed hatred.

† For.

‡ Not only.

§ Value.

As enemy to the people, and his country :
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry * of curs ! whose breath I
hate

As reek † o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men

That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;

And here remain with your uncertainty !

Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !

Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,

Fan you into despair ! Have the power still

To banish your defenders : till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels),

Making not reservation of yourselves

(Still your own foes), deliver you, as most

Abated ‡ captives, to some nation

That won you without blows ! Despising,

For you, the city, thus I turn my back :

There is a world elsewhere.

*[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius,
Senators, and Patricians.]*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd ! He is gone ! Hoo !

Hoo ! *[The People shout, and throw up
their Caps.]*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite ;

Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard

Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates ;
come :—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes !—Come.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.—Before a Gate of the City.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young PATRICIANS.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears ; a brief farewell :—
The beast §

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,

Where is your ancient courage ? You were used

To say, extremity was the trier of spirits ;

* Pack.

† Vapour.

‡ Subdued.

§ The government of the people.

That common chances common men could bear;
 That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 Shew'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
 When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
 craves

A noble cunning: you were used to load me
 With precepts, that would make invincible
 The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
 Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had been the wife of Hercules,
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and saved
 Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
 Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! My mother!

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
 Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond * to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
 My hazards still have been your solace: and
 Believe't not lightly (though I go alone
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen), your son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous† baits and practice.

Vol. My first‡ son,
 Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while: determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure § to each chance
 That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send

* Foolish.

† Insidious.

‡ Noblest.

§ Exposure.

O'er the vast world, to seek a single man ;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :—

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised : bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch*, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still ; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods, I
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand :—

Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same.—A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an ÆDILE.

Sic. Bid them all home ; he's gone, and we'll no
further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home :

Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why ?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us ;
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met : the hoarded plague
o' the gods
Requite your love !

* True metal.

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
[*To Brutus.*]

Vir. You shall stay too: [*To Sicin.*] I would, I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship*
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—

Nay but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incensed the
rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

* Mean cunning.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you:—

I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a ROMAN and a VOLCE, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, and you know me: your
name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, Sir: truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as
you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you;
but your favour* is well appeared by your tongue.
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the
Volcian staté, to find you out there: you have well
saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insur-
rection: the people against the senators, patricians,
and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state
thinks not so; they are in a most warlike prepara-
tion, and hope to come upon them in the heat of
their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it 'is past, but a small
thing would make it flame again. For the nobles
receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy
Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take
all power from the people, and to pluck from them
their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can
tell you, and is almost mature for the violent
breaking out.

• Countenance.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd ?

Rom. Banish'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with 'her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you : you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome ; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you ?

Vol. A most royal one : the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment*, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir : I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Antium.—Before Aufidius's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium : City,
'Tis I that made thy widows ; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not ;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a CITIZEN.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, Sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies : Is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

* In pay.

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*
O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit*, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me:—

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—The same.—A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Music within.—Enter a SERVANT.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here?
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another SERVANT.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? My master calls for him.
Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well:
but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first SERVANT.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence
are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the
door.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus†.

Re-enter Second SERVANT.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, Sir? Has the porter his

* A small coin.

† Having derived that name from Corioli.

eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions*? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away! Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third SERVANT.—The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' the house: pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Ser. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!
And batten† on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2^d Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*]

3 Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Ser. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, Sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second SERVANT.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

* Fellows.

† Feed.

2 *Serv.* Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Ans. Whence comest thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [Unmuffling.]
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Ans. What is thy name? [Servants retire.]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Ans. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou
me yet?

Ans. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory*,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name re-
mains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak† in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims‡
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove

* Memorial. † Resentment. ‡ Injuries.

As benefits to thee; for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under * fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more for-
 tunes

Thou art tired, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool;
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O, Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
 heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and
 say,

'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All-noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip†
 The anvil of my sword; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I loved the maid I married; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! More dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell
 thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn†
 Or lose mine arm for't: thou hast beat me out‡
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Mar-
 cius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy§; and, pouring war

* Infernal.

† Arm.

§ Full.

‡ Embrace.

¶ Years of age.

Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt
have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own
ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome;
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most
welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have
struck him with a cudgel; and yet my mind
gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would
set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him: he had, Sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so: looking as it were,——'Would
I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in
him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the
rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than
he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? My master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be
the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to
say that: for the defence of a town, our general is
excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third SERVANT.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado*.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he was son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle† the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled‡.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? He will do't: for, look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, Sir, (as it were), durst not (look you, Sir), shew themselves (as we term it), his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, Sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood§, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

* Meat cut across to be broiled.

† Pull.

‡ Cut clear.

§ Vigour.

1 Serv. But when goes this forward?

2 Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel* of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent†. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd‡, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 Serv. 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

2 Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome.—A public Place.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, Sir, is not much miss'd,
But with his friends; the common-wealth doth
stand;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

* Part.

† Rumour.

‡ Softened.

Men. All's well ; and might have been much better, if

He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you ?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing ; his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four CITIZENS.

Cit. The gods preserve you both !

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive !

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours : we wish'd Coriolanus

Had loved you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you !

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time, Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance*.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation, If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still without him.

Enter ÆDILE.

Æd. Worthy tribunes, There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports,—the Volces with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories ; And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ; Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood † for Rome,

* Suffrage.

† Stood up in its defence.

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot
be,

The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason † with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate house: some news is come,
That turns || their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—His raising
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy Sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know), that Marcius,
Joined with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone §,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already

† Talk.

|| Changes.

§ Unite.

VOL. IV.

L 11

O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? What news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? What's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an augre's bore*.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation†, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair
work!

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt‡; and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame
him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people

* A small round hole: an augre is a carpenter's
tool.

† Mechanics.

‡ Revolt with pleasure.

Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charged him
even

As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *'Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair
hands,

You, and your crafts! You have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! was it we? We loved him; but, like
beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of CITIZENS.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us: that we did, we did for the best;
and though we willingly consented to his banish-
ment; yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made

Good work, you and your cry,*!—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd; These are a side, that would be glad to have This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home, And shew no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters let's home, I ever said, we were i' the wrong* when we banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—Would, half my wealth Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his LIEUTENANT.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end; And you are darken'd in this action, Sir, Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now; Unless, by using means, I lame the foot Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier Even to my person, than I thought he would, When first I did embrace him: yet his nature In that's no changeling; and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, Sir, (I mean for your particular), you had not Join'd in commission with him: but either Had borne the action of yourself, or else To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure, When he shall come to his account, he knows not What I can urge against him. Although it seems, And so he thinks, and is no less apparent

* Pack, alluding to a pack of hounds.

To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lien. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his;
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey* to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque† to the cushion‡, but command-
ing peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but, one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all §,
For I dare so far free him), made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do
fail.

Come, let's away. When, Cains, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

- * An eagle that preys on fish. † Helmet.
- ‡ The chair of civil authority.
- § Not all in their full extent.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Rome.—A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,

Which was sometime his general; who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd † for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory †!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the
grains:

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you

Condescended unwillingly.

‡ Trass'd by exactions.

‡ Memorial.

Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No ; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Ronie towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard ; what then ?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness ? Say't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the mea-
sure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it :

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well ; he had not dined :
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We put upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not ?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome ; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise* ; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand : what he would do,
He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions :
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife ;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[Exeunt

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volcien Camp before Rome.—The Guard at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 G. Stay: whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return: our general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embraced with fire,
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots* to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1-G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover†: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified‡ my friends
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity§
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle|| ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing¶: therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own,
you should not pass here: no, though it were as
virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go
back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factionary on the party of your
general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar (as you
say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under

* Prizes.

§ Truth.

† Friend.

‡ Deceitful.

§ Proved to.

¶ Lie.

him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? For I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotant* as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back, —that's the utmost of your having:—Back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion †, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack ‡ guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my soul thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome,

* Dotard.
VOL. IV.

† Fellow.
M m m

‡ Jack in office.

and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! Away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than Your gates against my force. Yet, for* I loved thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a Letter.]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.]

1 *G.* Now, Sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent† for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! *[Exit.]*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly‡ I have borne this business.

* Because.

† Reprimanded.

‡ Openly.

Ans. Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge,
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I shew'd sourly to him), once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! What shout is this?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter in mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,
Leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.

What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods' forsworn?—I melt, and am
not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which

Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never

Be such a gosling* to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,

And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus changed,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,

* A young goose.

Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
 For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
 Now by the jealous queen* of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i' the earth ;
[Kneels.

Of thy deep duty more impression shew
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd !
 Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee ; and improperly
 Shew duty, as mistaken all the while
 Between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this ?
 Your knees to me ? To your corrected son ?
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;
 I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
 The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,
 That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours, -
 Which by the interpretation of full time
 May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
 Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st
 prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw †,
 And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
 Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :
 Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;
 The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
 Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

* Juno.

† Gust, storm

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics :—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more !

You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already : yet we will ask ;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volees, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,

And state of bodies, would bewray* what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate, than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which
should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow ;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,
Alas† how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine† : if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner

* Betray.

† Conclude.

March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not), on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me ;
I'll run away, till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*

Vol. Nay,*go not from us thus,
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour ; no ; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volces
May say, *This mercy we have shew'd ;* the Romans,
This we received ; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making^u up this peace ! Thou know'st, great
son,

The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wiped it out ;
Destroy'd his country ; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son :
Thou hast affected the fine strains* of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods ;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt !
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs ?—*Daughter, speak you :*
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy :
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the
world

More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me
prate

Like one i' the stocks. Thou has never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
When she (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home, ;

* The refinements.

Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back : but, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; an end :
 This is the last ;—So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our despatch :
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother !

[Holding Volumnia by the Hands, silent.]

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come :—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :
 And, Sir, it is no little thing, to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good Sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me ; for my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you,
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy
 honour

At difference in thee : out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune.

[Aside.]

[The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.]

Cor. Ay, by and by ;

[To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.]

But we will drink together ; and you shall bear
 A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Rome.—A public Place.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign * o' the Capitol: yond'
corner stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.
But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are
sentenced, and stay † upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a
butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Mar-
cius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings;
he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers
his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The
tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he
walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground
shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a
gorset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his ham
is a battery. He sits in his state ‡, as a thing made §
for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished
with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but
eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what
mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is
no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male
tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is
'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be
good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respect-
ed not them: and, he returning to break our necks,
they respect not us,

* Angle.

‡ Chair of state.

† Stay but for it.

§ To resemble.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house ;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Sic. What's the news ?

Mess. Good news, good news ;—The ladies have prevail'd ;
The Volces are dislodged, and Marcius gone :
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true ? Is it most certain ?
Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire :
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it ?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark
you ;

*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you ! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news :
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full : you have pray'd well to-day ;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !
[*Shouting and Music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings :
next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the LADIES, accompanied by SENATORS, PATRICIANS, and PEOPLE. — They pass over the Stage.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
VOL. IV. N n n

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before
them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal * him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies!

Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antium.—A public Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports† by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four CONSPIRATORS of AUFIDIUS' Faction.

Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble Sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

* Recall.

† Gates.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; served his designments
In mine own person; help* to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He waged me with his countenance†, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum‡, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets Sound, with great
Shouts of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he expresses himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

* Helped.

† Thought me rewarded with good looks.

‡ Tears.

Auf. I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you.

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines : but there to end,
Where he was to begin ; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge* ; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding ; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours ; a
Crowd of CITIZENS with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates †,
Than shame to the Romans : and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords ;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree,
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor !—How now ?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius !

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius : Dost thou
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name
Coriolanus, in Corioli ?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt ‡, your city Rome,
(I say, your city), to his wife and mother :
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting

* Rewarding us with our own expences.

† People of Antium.

‡ Drops of tears.

Counsel o' the war ; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory ;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other. ✓

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more*.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave

lords,

Must give this cur the lie : and his own notions
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him ; that
must bear

My beating to his grave ;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces : men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
Flutter'd your voices in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*]

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces,
do it presently. He killed my son ;—my daughter ;
—He killed my cousin Marcus ;—He killed my fa-
ther.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho ;—no outrage ;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth †. His last offence to us
Shall have judicious ‡ hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*Aufidius, and the Conspirators draw, and kill
Coriolanus, who falls, and Aufidius stands
on him.*]

* No more than a boy of tears.

† His fame overspreads the world.

‡ Judicial.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,

Provoked by him, you cannot), the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours To call me to your senate, I'll deliver Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heavist censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body, And mourn you for him: let him be regarded As the most noble corse, that ever herald Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame. Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone, And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up: Help, three of the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully: Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one, Which to this hour bewail the injury, Yet he shall have a noble memory *.— Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the Body of Coriolanus.— A dead March sounded.*]

* Memorial.

CORIOLANUS.—The Tragedy of Coriolanus is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune, fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is perhaps, too much bustle in the first Act, and too little in the last.

JOHNSON.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.—Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, and VOL-

LUMNIUS, Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, Servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

**Scene, during a great part of the Play, at Rome ;
afterwards at Sardis ; and near Philippi.**

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.—A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence ; home, you idle creatures, get you home ;

Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession ?—Speak, what trade art thou ?

1 Cit. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?—
You, Sir ; what trade are you ?

2 Cit. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

2 Cit. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may use with
a safe conscience ; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender
of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave ? Thou naughty
knave, what trade ?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with
me : yet, if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that ? Mend me,
thou saucy fellow !

2 Cit. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

2 Cit. Truly, Sir, all that I live by is, with the
awl ; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor
women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, Sir,
a surgeon to old shoes ; when they are in great
danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever
trod upon neat's-leather, have gone upon my
handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

2 Cit. Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get
myself into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we

VOL. IV.

O o o

make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort*;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, whe'r† their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies†.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

* Rank.

† Whether.

‡ Honorary ornaments; tokens of respect.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same.—A public Place.

Enter, in Procession, with Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the Course: CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great Crowd following, among them a SOOTHSAYER.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [Music ceases.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course*.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Music.

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.
[Music ceases.

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Cooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—Pass.

[Sennet†—Exeunt all but Bru. and Cas.

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

* A ceremony observed at the feast of *Lupercalia*.

† Flourish of instruments.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which giye some soil, perhaps to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion*,
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to
hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself

* The nature of your feelings.

That of yourself which you yet know not of.
 And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :
 Were I a common fangher, or did use
 To stale* with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protestor ; if you know
 That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them ; or if you know
 That I profess myself in banqueting
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and Shout.*]

Br. What means this shouting ! I do fear, the
 people
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?
 Then must I think you would not have it so.
Br. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
 What is it that you would impart to me ?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently :
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell, what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty † day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, *Darest thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ? Upon the word,
 Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder.

* Allure.

† Windy.

The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
 world,

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper* should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout.—Flourish.*

Br. Another general shout!
 I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow
 world,
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,

* Temperament, constitution,

There was a Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim†;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew‡ upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is return-
ing.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret§ and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

* *Lucius Junius Brutus.*

† *Ruminate.*

‡ *Guess.*

§ *A ferret has red*

He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
 Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be moved to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.—Casca stays behind.]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still

as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swoon'd, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cus. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true* man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation†, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you iⁿ the face again: but those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

* Honest.
VOL. IV.

P p p

† A mechanic.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,
and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell both. [*Exit Casca.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave
you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home with me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed*: therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard†; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour‡ me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;⁴
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The same.—A Street.

*Thunder and Lightning.—Enter, from opposite sides,
CASCA, with his Sword drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar,
home§?

Why are you breathless? And why stare you so?

Casca. Are you not moved, when all the sway of
earth

* Disposed to.

† Has an unfavourable opinion of me.

‡ Cajole.

⁴ Did you attend Cæsar home?

Shakes, likes a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight),

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides (I have not since put up my sword),
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indëed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean* from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, Cicero.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

* Entirely.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone* :
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind †;
Why old men fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious ‡ grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cas-
sius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes § and limbs like to their ancestors;
But woe the while! Our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:

* Bolt.

† Why they deviate from quality and nature.

‡ Portentous.

§ Muscles.

And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds*.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold† my hand:
Be factious‡ for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me an enterprise
Of honourable dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
Is favour'd§, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

* Deer. † Here's my hand. ‡ Active.
§ Resembles.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait*;
He is a friend.—*Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? *Metellus* *Cimber*?

Cas. No, it is *Casca*; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna*?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, *Cinna*? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, *Cassius*, if you could but win
The noble *Brutus* to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good *Cinna*, take this
paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus*' statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you shall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius*, there?

Cin. All but *Metellus Cimber*; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, *Casca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already: and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.—Brutus's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, *Lucius*! Ho!—

* Air of walking.

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to-day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep soundly:—
When, Lucius, when*? Awake, I say: What, Lu-
cious!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and; for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse† from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof‡,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the 'upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees||
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind§, grow mis-
chievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

* An exclamation of impatience.

† Pity, tenderness.

|| Low steps.

‡ Experience.

§ Nature.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake.—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus, must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee pro-
mise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma*, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir; their hats are pluck'd about their
ears,

* Visionary.

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour*.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Shamest thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-
spiracy;

Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on †,
Not Erebus ‡ itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good-morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both de-
ceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the
north

* Countenance.

† Walk in thy true form:

‡ Hell.

VOL. IV.

Q q q

He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Brut. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Brut. No, not an oath: If not the face * of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery †. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? What other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter ‡? And what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous §,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cic. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion ||,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Brut. O, name him not; let us not break ¶ with
him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

* Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *faith*.

† Prevaricate.

‡ Character.

§ Let us not break the matter to him.

† Lot.

§ Cautious.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged:—I think it is not meet, Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar, Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means, If he improves them, may well stretch so far, As to annoy us all: which to prevent, Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

• Malice.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whe'r * Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :
 For he is superstitious grown of late ;
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies † :
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers ‡,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : if he be so resolved,
 I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear,
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers ;
 But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
 He says, he does ; being then most flattered.
 Let me work :

For I can give this humour the true bent ;
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
 I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him § :
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : we'll leave
 you, Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember
 What you have said, and shew yourselves true Ro-
 mans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
 Let not our looks put on || our purposes ;
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untired spirits, and formal constancy :
 And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
 Thou hast no figures ¶, nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

* Whether.

† Omens at sacrifices.

§ By his house.

¶ Shapes created by imagination.

‡ Prognosticators.

|| Shew our designs.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks :
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition *,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? And is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank † morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of : and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you : for here have been

* Temper.

† Moisture.

Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs*.

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery† of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste.

[*Exit Portia.*]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that, knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with
you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! How?

* The residence of harlots.

† All that is character'd on.

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius, Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before, I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

My mortified spirit. Now, bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, I shall unfold to thee, as we are going To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;

And, with a heart new-fired, I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,

That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same.—A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning.—Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,

Help, ho! They murder Cæsar! Who's within?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies *,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
dead ;

Pierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :
The noise of battle hurtled † in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal ‡ about the
streets.

O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods ?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth : for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter a SERVANT.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-
day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No ; Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

* Never paid a regard to prodigies or omens.

† Encountered.

‡ Cry with pain.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar :

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey beards the truth ?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty 'Cæsar, let me know some
cause ;

Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood and that great men shall press
For tincture, strains, relics *, and cognizance †.

* As to a saint, for reliques.

† As to a prince for honours.

VOL. IV.

R r r

This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :

And know it now ; the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

*Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?

Pardon me, Cæsar : for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
And reason to my love is liable *.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia ?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go :—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock ?

Brut. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up :—

Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna :—Now, Metellus :—What, Trebonius !
I have an hour's talk in store for you ;
Remember that you call on me to-day.
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will,—and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*

* Subordinate,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns * to think upon !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The same.—A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you : security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover †,

Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation ‡.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live ;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—The same.—Another part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prythee, boy, run to the senate-house ;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :

Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know, my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side !

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—

Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?

And so return to you, and nothing else ?

* Grieves.

† Friend.

‡ Envy.

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth : and take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy ! What noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well ;
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth *, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter SOOTHSAYER.

Por. Come hither, fellow ;
Which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

Sooth. That I have, lady ; if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. *[Exit.]*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me ! How weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize !
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint :—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
Say, I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt.]

• Really.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same.—The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A Croud of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the SOOTH SAYER.—Flourish.—Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following—All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. [*Advances to Cæsar.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him,

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention,—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you
Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.—Cæsar and the Senators take their Seats.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd * : press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:—

[*Kneeling.*]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men;

And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet
words,

Low-crook'd curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banish'd;

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

But I am as constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So, in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive†;

Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank‡,

Unshaked of motion§: and, that I am he,

* Ready.

† Continues to hold it.

‡ Intelligent.

§ Solicitation.

Let me a little shew it, even in this ;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,——

Cas. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cas. Doth not Brutus bootless * kneel ?

Cas. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the Neck.—Cæsar catches hold of his Arm.—He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*]

Cæs. Et tu Brute † ?—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies.—The Senators and People retire in confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty freedom, and enfranchisement !

Bru. People, and senators ! be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still :—Ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius ?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing ;—Publius, good cheer ;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so ;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony ?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed :

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates ! we will know your pleasures :
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

* Unsuccessfully.

† And thou, Brutus ?

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :
 So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
 His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
 And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
 Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
 Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;
 And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
 Let's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !

Cas. Stoop then, and wash *. How many ages
 hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
 In states unborn, and accents yet unknown ?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
 That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
 No worthier than the dust ?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
 So often shall the knot of us be call'd
 The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away :
 Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
 With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a SERVANT.

Bru. Soft, who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
 Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down :
 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
 Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :
 Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
 Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and loved him.
 If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
 May safely come to him, and be resolved
 How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
 So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. *[Exit Servant.]*

* In Cæsar's blood.

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank*:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, doth receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

* Grown too high for the public safety.

Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—Now yours, Metellus ;
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen all,—Alas ! what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie ?

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Brut. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.

You know not what you do : do not consent,
[*Aside.*

That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;—

I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body,
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so :

I desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the Body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide* of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds ;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

* Course.

With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry *Havock**, and let slip† the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a SERVANT.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
 O Cæsar!— [Seeing the Body.

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching: for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
 hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place: there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with Cæsar's Body.*

SCENE II.—The same.—The Forum.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a Throng of
 CITIZENS.*

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
 friends:—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

* The signal for giving no quarter.

† To let slip a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phrase of Shakspeare's time.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.
Brutus goes into the Rostrum.*]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers*! I hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: there is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's Body.

• Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover† for the

* Friends.

† Friend.

good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself,
when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.]

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Br. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace; ho!

Br. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.]

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll bear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

'Tis he was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransomes did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! His eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than
Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor* to do him reverence.
O masters! If I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

* The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar.

Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins† in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4. *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
 You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
 I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!

Cit. The will! The testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will!
 Read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me shew you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! Room! Bear back!

† Handkerchiefs.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
That day he overcame the Nervii :—
Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;
As, flushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all :
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue *,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us †.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint ‡ of pity : these are gracious drops,
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged : revenge ; about,—
seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—Let not a traitor
live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there :—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

* Statua for statue, is common among the old
writers

† Was successful.

‡ Impression.

VOL. IV.

T t t

They, that have done this deed, are honourable ;
 What private griefs* they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honour-
 able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is :
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
 mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Clk. Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant., Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me
 speak

Cit. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends you go to do you know not
 what :

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?
 Alas, you know not :—I must tell you then :—
 You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true ;—the will ;—let's stay, and hear
 the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
 To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas †.

2 Cit. Most noble Cæsar !—We'll revenge his
 death.

3 Cit. O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, 'ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
 His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
 On this side Tyber ; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

* Grievances.

† Greek coin.

here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitor's houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellows?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.—A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter CITIZENS.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor?
Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools
that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.
Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! Fire-brands. To Bruths', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.—A Room in Antony's House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a Table.

Ant. These many theu shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die: Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick * him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn † him!

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we will determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at

The Capitol. [Exit Lepidus.]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die, In our black sentence and proscription.

* Set, mark.

† Condemn.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you ;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will ;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations ;
Which, out of use, and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion : do not talk of him,
But as a property *. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cæsius
Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
Therefore, let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out ;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd † about with many enemies ;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [Exeunt.

*SCENE II.—Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near
Sardis.*

*Drum.—Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Sol-
diers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.*

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? Is Cassius near ?

Luc. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a Letter to Brutus.*

* As a thing at our disposal.

† Surrounded, baited.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus, In his own change, or by ill officers, Hath given me some worthy cause to wish Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand, I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius :
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling : ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arrived :—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs* softly,—I do know you well :—

* Grievances.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Br. Lucilius, do the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our confer-
ence.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE III.—Within the Tent of Brutus.—Lu-
cius and Titinius at some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in
this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Br. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a
case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice * offence should bear his comment.

Br. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Br. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
ruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Br. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,

* Trifling

For so much trash, as may be grasped thus :—
I had rather be a dog, and bay * the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in †; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions ‡.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? Ay, more: fret, till your proud
heart break;

Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempt-
ed him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? Durst not tempt him?

* Bait, bark at.

† Limit my authority.

‡ Terms, fit to confer the offices at my disposal.

Brut. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brut. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats:

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas*, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Brut. You did.

Cas. I did not:—He was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived †
my heart;

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brut. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Brut. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brut. A flatterer's would not, though they do ap-
pear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is weary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To east into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine; richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,

* Coin.

† Split.

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave
me,

Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the general ;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter PORT.

Cas. How now ? What's the matter ?

Port. For shame, you generals ; what do you
mean ?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha ; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time :

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools ?
Companion*, hence.

Cas. Away, away ; begone.

[*Exit Port.*]

• Fellow.

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucinius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so
angry.]

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is
dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How escap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;

And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her
death

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with Wine and Tapers.

[*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Mes-
sala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power*,

* Force.

Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree; Mine speak of seventy senators, that died By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead, And by that order of proscription.— Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell: For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once*, I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art† as you, But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us: So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still, Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground, Do stand but in a forced affection; For they have grudged us contribution: The enemy, marching along by them,

* At some time.

† Theory.

By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell,
good Messala;—
Good-night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good-night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'twixen our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mes.*]

Re-enter Lucius, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good Sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the hook I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Servants lie down.]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forget-
ful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[Music, and a Song.]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murr'drous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace* upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see:—Is not the leaf turn'd
down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down.]

Enter the GHOST of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! Who comes here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

* Sceptre.

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well ;

Then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy ! Lucius !—Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !—
Claudius !

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.†

Luc. My lord !

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
cry'dst out.

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst : Didst thou see any
thing ?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius !
Fellow thou ! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your sleep ?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord ?

Bru. Ay : Saw you any thing ?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cas-
sius ;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd :
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn * us at Philippi here,

* Summon. ,

Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*]

Drum.—*Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Brut. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Brut. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brut. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! Hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Brut. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Cæsar, like a car, behind,

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us
sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brn. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brn. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such hon-
our,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony: away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl * we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brn. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*Brutus and Lucius converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former † ensign

* Throw.

† Foremost

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted † us.

This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—Arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might
know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!

ut it sufficeth, that the day will end,
 and then the end is known !—Come, ho ! Away !
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same.—The Field of Battle.

Alarum.—Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
 bills*
 into the legions on the other side : [*Loud Alarum.*
 let them set on at once ; for I perceive
 but cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The same.—Another part of the Field.

Alarum.—Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
 This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early ;
 Who having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !
 Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius.
 Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
 And here again : that I may rest assured,
 Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
 [Exit.]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get hither on that hill ;
 My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
 And tell me what thou notest about the field.—
 [Exit Pindarus.]
 This day I breathed first : time is come round,

* Directions for the officers.

And wher : I did begin, there I shall end ;
My life to run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pin. Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur ;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him ; now, Titinius !—
Now some 'light :—O, he 'lights too :—He's ta'en ;—
and, hark ! [*Shout.*]

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward, that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner :
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath :

Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art re-
venged,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit Messala.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? And did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*]

Alarum.—*Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young
CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIVS, and LUCILIUS.*

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

[*Low Alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body ;
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come ;
And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on :—
'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Field.

*Alarm.—Enter fighting, SOLDIERS of both Armies ;
then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

Br. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your
heads !

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go with
me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

[*Charges the Enemy.*]

Br. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;

Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the Enemy.—Cato is over-
powered, and falls.*]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Timinius ;
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die :

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;
[*Offering Money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2 Sold. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general :—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Will ever take alive the noble Brutus :

He will defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r • Brutus be alive, or dead :
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanced. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Another part of the Field:

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cl. Statilius shew'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,

He came not back ; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*

Cl. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius ! [Whispers him.

Dar. I do such a deed ?

Cl. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus : look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius : list a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;

And, this last night, herein Philippi' fields.

I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st, that we two went to school together ;

• Whether.

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, *Volumnius*.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, *Strato*.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*.

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for *Brutus'* tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes: my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum.—Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.]

I prythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it;

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Will thou, *Strato*?

Str. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good *Strato*.—*Cæsar*, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his sword, and dies.]

*Alarum.—Retreat.—Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS; and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—*Strato*, where is thy
master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, *Mes-*
sala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For *Brutus* only overcame himself.

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast proved *Lucilius'* saying true.

Oct. All that served *Brutus*, I will entertain
them.

• Receive into my service.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer † me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all :

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;

He, only, in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle ; and the elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,

And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest : and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Recommend.



JULIUS CÆSAR.—Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated ; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays : his adherence to the real story, and to the Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.

JOHNSON.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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